

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
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Hearthstone



- **Marriage Is a Partnership**—*Robert W. Burns*
- **If College—Where?**—*Kenneth I. Brown*

MAY 1951

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat . . .

From the book *Preaching in the South* comes our article on page 2. "Marriage Is a Partnership" is extracted from a sermon by Robert Burns, minister of Peachtree Christian Church in Atlanta, Georgia.

♦ ♦ ♦

By teaching your children to love and understand the music they hear at concerts, you will reap untold satisfaction and broaden your own appreciation. Helen S. Neal, in her article "Take Children to Concerts," gives able guidance in preparation for listening.

♦ ♦ ♦

In these days of the high cost of living, many a young couple planning marriage is concerned over the financial considerations involved. Here is help in such matters from Leo L. Pysher, minister of the Central Christian Church of Memphis, Tennessee, author of "How Much Does It Take?" on page 33.

♦ ♦ ♦

Kenneth I. Brown, president of Dennison University, has valuable information for the student who is choosing his future college. The wrong or a hasty decision can be a tremendous handicap to a young person, so give thorough consideration to "If College—Where?"

♦ ♦ ♦

Cousin Tom is back on the children's pages again—and as serial, too! Yes, the Small Sewing will have to wait on safety pins and needles till next month to see the cat cousin securely out of trouble.

♦ ♦ ♦

The long days of summer can be a gift to both parents and children. Perhaps you'll be surprised at the opportunities this season offers as described by Martha Whitmore, former editor of *Story World*, author of "Summer Is a Bonus."

Consider the Lilies . . .

"Therefore I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink, or about your body, what you shall put on. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air: they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life? And why be anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; Yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not

arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith? Therefore do not be anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' For the Gentiles seek all these things; and your heavenly Father knows that you need them all. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well.

"Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day."

—Eva Luoma



A Word
from
The
Word

MARRIAGE *is*

CHRIST TAUGHT that marriage is a partnership. There are three main emphases which Jesus made about the home. First of all, the home is a divinely authorized partnership: "What, therefore, God has joined together let not man put asunder." God has brought us together. God joins us in the experience of courtship which is the beginning of the relationship of a home. God joins us in a ceremony of Christian marriage, as we stand before his altar and enter into that sacred relationship. God joins us through the experience of the years as we grow more thoughtful of each other, as we seek to live at our best for each other, as we try each to please the other. God joins us through the experiences of sorrow and joy. God joins us through that intangible merging of the personality where two hearts beat as one. God joins us in that lovely intimate understanding which comes only to those who have been faithful through many years in the tender relationship of family life, that exceeds all vocal statement and eventually becomes the finest and sweetest human experience.

"What God has joined." That is part of what Jesus taught about the sanctity of the divine partnership of our homes. Your home, my home, everybody's home is a sacred place—sanctified not alone by law but by God.

The second emphasis by Christ is the partnership of husband and wife as supreme above all other relationships. The Old Testament taught the authority of the relation of parent to child—"Honor thy father and thy mother . . ." That emphasis is repeated in the New Testament. Parents are to seek to be worthy of the respect of their children. Children are to honor parents. Christ said there is a relationship supreme over this—"For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his wife." For the man, his wife is to come before his mother or his father; supreme over any other relation in our human domain is the relationship of husband and wife. A woman must also put her husband first. "For this reason a woman shall leave her father and mother and be joined to her husband." She is to put her husband first. He comes before her mother, father or any other relation. Husband and wife to one another come before any other human; even before their children. How hard it is for people to keep this priority straight in their lives! In the long run it is only so that the best interests of the children are served. The supreme human priority claiming allegiance over any other human loyalty, is the loyalty of a man and woman united to each other in a Christian home.

For the courting and the young married couple here is a discussion of modern marriage.

The third teaching of Christ is that this partnership is so close that those two are no longer two but now they are one. Now they are together. The two shall be one flesh. That refers not only to the physical relationship, it also refers to the uniting of their whole personality, to the partnership in a family life. They are to be one in mutual self-giving, in material possessions, one in spiritual interests, one in all the relationships of life that count. Marriage is a partnership. The man is not to dominate the wife. The wife is not to dominate the husband. They are to share life as a fifty-fifty relationship. There will be certain divisions of labor. They are to have partnership. That is the most basic insight to the successful foundation of any home.

I have an opportunity to see not only many happy homes, but also hundreds of homes on the verge of breaking up. As I see them, I learn almost as much from those homes nearly broken as I do from homes that are happy and successful.

BECAUSE APPROXIMATELY two out of five of the family feuds have to do with money, the first area of partnership is that the Christian home is a partnership in money. Each home is a little business enterprise. Looked at over a period of years, it is no little affair. The economic aspect of a family is recognized in law so that a husband is responsible legally and morally for the debts of his wife and morally a wife is responsible for the debts of her husband. It is a mutual relationship so that before marriage a couple should sit down and see what

Adapted from a sermon in the book *Preaching in the South* published by Fleming H. Revell. Copyrighted and used by permission.

Partnership

By ROBERT W. BURNS



—Phillip Gendreau

money they will have, list their obligations and prepare a budget. Once a week, as partners, they ought to set aside one hour when they could talk about nothing but money as partners so that both of them understand how much is being earned and spent. One of the basic principles in the financing of a home is that no money should be spent until both partners have agreed on the spending. How many homes have failed because of this one thing! I have come to think that charge accounts are one of the Devil's tools to break up a home. I have tried to get couples to cancel all charge accounts, telling them to wait until twelve or fifteen years after marriage to open a charge account. You probably will buy a home, a refrigerator, a stove, and some other things on time. Aside from those major items, no couple should have charge accounts and should ever spend money without first having a conference to decide whether it is necessary. A wife will see a hat that has been marked down from \$10.00 to \$9.50 and will think she just must have it. Many couples come to me who have had trouble over just such things as that. A husband will do the same thing—go downtown and come home with some silly thing that he has bought. You can get along without everything except each other. Never spend money without agreement. Have a consultation before the money is spent and only when there has been a complete agreement, spend it.

Marriage is a partnership where people treat each other as financial partners in the family. The Lord Jesus taught that the destiny of a person's immortal soul often depends on spending money. This is the meaning of his Parable of the Talents.

Not only is marriage a financial partnership, it is also a physical partnership. God has made us male and female—"What God has created, let no man call common, or coarse or unclean." Sex is of God. It is sacred. It is a relationship of life to be approached with a holy sense of reverence. That is why again and again, knowing as I do the tragedy of homes that have almost been wrecked on the first night of marriage, I have talked with the boy, saying to him: "Be tender with this girl. She has been reared in modesty and reticence. Let your treatment of her

be gentle." Again and again I have said to the girl: "You have been trained in modesty and do not realize how difficult the adjustment is. Recognize it is a relation that God has created to be entered with reverence and you can be happy in this relationship that in God's sight is right." Through these last few years I have been sending every couple to a Christian physician and during the last year I have urged them to go to one whose family I helped to start and who has three children. I send couples to this Christian physician as I never give this kind of information. It is a physician's business to give this information to newly married young couples and older ones entering this sacred relationship. Most of all, I have been deeply concerned that couples learn the sanctity of sex. It is not something to be talked about around the corner. It is something clean and wholesome when used as God intended.

WE ARE partners in all our relationships to each other. There must be many areas in which people share. In the rich experience of life the making of their home into a Christian home depends upon how they share the best and finest in life. The strength of our home depends upon the number of ties that bind us. The quality of our home depends upon the quality of the ties that bind us. In our homes let us share the finest things together. I ask every couple that at the first meal the husband give thanks to God and at the second the wife give thanks and that they keep this up in all the years ahead. Also I ask them as they come to bedtime that they kneel by their bed and pray together. In the nearly twenty-seven years of my ministry I have learned the truth that people who pray together stay together. We are partners in our prayers and in the reading of God's Word together. Most of us eat in the kitchen or the breakfast room. Again and again I have asked couples to place a Bible by their plates and in the morning as they come to breakfast to pause and read out of God's Word, in the Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—reading there the teachings of our Lord. It can set a different attitude in a home if God is there to sanctify their partnership. I have asked them to read other books than the Bible aloud to each other—one to read fifteen minutes and then the other. Read together such works as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets and some of the sonnets of Shakespeare, but not to try to read the trivial trash that is pouring from the printing presses today. Share life's best together. Listen together to some of the good radio programs. Have a little record-player and try to buy a good record as often as you can afford it, enjoying the finest music in your home. The quality of a home is in the sharing of the finest and best.

In our homes, men and women together, these are the things we are to share—to share in the relationships of finance and to build a partnership that when the physical has subsided and the sensual has lost its immediate drive, there will be between those two such a mutual sharing that the life they live together

(Continued on page 38.)

Snow in May

Downward drift pale petals

Falling on the hand,

Satin, brief encounter

In a fragrant land.

Orchard blossoms falling,

Blown by winds that flow

Gently through this orchard

Bringing Maytime snow.

LOUISE DARCY

SUMMER

is a bonus

Here are some suggestions for the season of time and sunshine.

EACH YEAR the long golden days of summer come and are gone—almost before we know it. What do we do with this bonus of time and sunshine? What do we do for our children, who have suddenly about five extra hours each weekday and “nothing to do”? Do we take the close of school and the let-up of other activities as the occasion for a two or three months’ siege of taking it easy? We will find a vacation much more enjoyable if it is earned by some rigorous and rewarding new work with children. We will find that for our own growth, too, work with children, though often rigorous indeed, is rewarding in a very special and re-creative way.

Summer time is, of all the busy year, the best time for doing special things with children. There is more



—Religious News Service

free time—for children, for teachers, for mothers. The weather is best of all the year for the first-hand seeing and feeling of God’s world which, to a little child’s understanding of beauty and care, makes the difference between a song sung from within and a memorized statement which has no meaning. Birds’ nests and spider webs, and hills and green mountains are matters of spirit indeed; the chance to get out and see them is possible in a unique way in the summer time.

By **MARTHA WHITMORE**

The amatory single male
Who vows that he will gladly scale
A peak to prove his love is true
One day becomes a husband who
Is ever after apt to balk
At mention of a Sunday walk!

RICHARD WHEELER

Parents and teachers (how often they are the same people!) who care deeply about the Christian growth of children and young people will try to make many special uses of the extra weeks and months of summer. Here are a few of the projects you might consider.

Vacation Church Schools

Vacation church schools are a time-honored way of working with children during the summer. The pattern is so well known as to need little description here. Sometimes the schools are sponsored by one church, sometimes by several churches in a community. The sessions are held in a church or churches, and usually on weekday mornings. Schools vary in length from one to five weeks. Sometimes vacation church schools are held on the first three mornings of each week for six or eight weeks. One group of young people, most of whom worked during the day, provided leadership for a very successful vacation church school with sessions in the early evenings. At this hour there can be discussion groups and classes for adults, too.

One of the early considerations in planning a vacation church school is, of course, what to teach. You can get listings of the many courses available from the publishers of this magazine. Some of the courses have been prepared by one denomination alone; some by several denominations cooperating in the International Council of Religious Education.

A vacation church school is easier to operate than are many summer projects; mothers can easily manage half days in their own communities. Usually a vacation church school is centrally enough located that complicated transportation problems do not arise—as they sometimes do in day camp projects.

Day Camping

Day camping is one of the newest in the family of summer projects with children—and one of the most exciting. Children and leaders can spend full days together in the out-of-doors, with no walls, even church walls, to keep them from immediate experiences with God's world. The security of returning home each night makes day camping a good experience for children not ready to go away to camp. Here, as in vacation church schools, mothers who

couldn't leave home cares completely can work in day-to-day program. The carryover into the life of the church and the community is usually greater than in resident camping where the summer experiences have often little relation to the child's year-round life.

Day camps are held on a site of (we hope) beauty and variety, near enough to the children's homes that travel back and forth by foot, bus, or private car is fairly easy. Children and teachers go out in the morning and return home in time for the evening meal. Sometimes the children bring their lunches with them. Camp is more fun, and usually a better group experience, if the lunch or at least part of it is prepared by the campers on the site.

Day camp programs should bear as much relation as possible to the camp site, and certainly to the out-of-doors. The program should be flexible and should make continuing creative use of the world around. Because of freedom from a rigid schedule, day camping particularly needs small working groups and resourceful leaders.

Denominational and interdenominational help for day camping are available. Often, too, local Scout leaders will have had day camp experiences and will be glad to help church groups set up their own day camps, or to work with churches on community day camps.

Resident Camping

Resident church camping is also a relative newcomer to the Christian education field. Sometimes a local church conducts its own camp; more often, several churches or the denominational state office will conduct the camps.

Resident camping gives a twenty-four-hour-a-day experience in group living outdoors. Starry nights and early dew and, of course, swimming have special magic at camp. The group-ness is important, too; the meaning of Christian fellowship (and of loving one's enemy!) becomes clearer than before, though probably children are not articulate on the subject.

Most church camps are conducted for children of a given age range: there may be two-week periods for junior campers, then for junior-highs, for seniors, highs, and for young people. During the past several years many camps have experimented with family camping, and with very happy results.

Other Possibilities

Vacation church schools, day camps, and resident camps are the most generally known kinds of summer adventures with children, but they are by no means the only possibilities. Many times a neighborhood group of mothers works out a system in which each mother has her turn at supervising the activities of all the children in the group. The scene of action can rotate each week to the home of the supervising mother, or it can be always in the same place, a particularly well-equipped back yard, or a near-by playground or park. Sometimes unless the children are

(Continued on page 44.)

ILLUSTRATION BY
HARRY TIMMINS

The talk was endless and intimate and carried on in a kind of verbal shorthand that defeated the ear of the casual listener



THE RABBIT

BETSY HAMILTON sat on the couch by the living-room window and watched her four-year-old son come slowly up the driveway toward the house. There was something in the posture of the small brown figure that held her attention, something in the way he dragged his boot toes through the loose gravel.

Except for the hasty interlude of lunch, she had not seen him since early morning. He had been outdoors in the intermittent spring drizzle and sunshine, helping his

grandfather with the Saturday work. Betsy, pausing now and then in her housework, had seen the two of them from an upstairs window, the small, solid figure in

A Story by

KATHERINE REEVES

brown shorts and sweater plodding patiently beside the tall figure of the old man. Together they had spread compost on the vegetable garden; they had brought milk and cream from the dairy; they had walked to the neighboring farm for the week's supply of eggs; they had supervised the gardener's boy spreading weed killer on the lawn.

Watching them, Betsy wondered what they found to talk about through the long hours as they tramped over the farm. Whatever the subject of their conversation they were apparently wholly satisfied with it, for the talk was endless, intimate, and carried on in a kind of verbal shorthand that defeated the ear of the casual listener. Their companionship amazed and delighted her always. In the year since her husband's death she had come to rely heavily on her father's interest and love, but his devotion to her child was more than the normal fondness of a grandfather for a grandson. It grew out of his feeling for Jock as a person. And Jock returned the old man's love and respect and in all ways tried to be like him.

Now he came alone, scuffing the stones.

He stopped when he got to the porch, and for the moment there was no sound to indicate whether he had come into the house or had taken some other direction. "Mother's upstairs, Jock," Betsy called.

He came slowly into the sitting room. His face was dirty and streaked as though unwelcome tears had been rubbed away with the back of a dirty hand. An aroma of damp corduroy, garden dirt, manure, and wet grass accompanied him. His pants were muddy. His boots were scuffed from the dragging ascent of the driveway and encrusted with wet grass clippings which fell in a spattery trail on the blue rugs.

An automatic reproof for this

carelessness was on the tip of Betsy's tongue, but it was dissipated by a second look at her son. His gray eyes were large and dark in a pale and dirty face. His thumb was in his mouth. Thumb-sucking with him was an old gesture of self-reassurance. Now at four he rarely availed himself of this comfort—only when the going was extremely rough.

He came straight across the room to her, leaving a grassy trail behind him. His expression seemed to Betsy to hold fright, anger, and excitement curiously intermingled, and she felt a cold anxiety suddenly lay hold of her.

"Gramp shot the rabbit," he said.

Relief pushed the anxiety back. This was an old issue. Gramp had threatened for some time to get the marauders of the hotbed. Jock had heard the threats, had even at times joined his grandfather in denunciation of the bold creatures who nipped the tender tops from early seedlings.

"What do you mean, shot the rabbit?" Betsy asked, aware that she was speaking in the random, meaningless voice that grownups employ when they are stalling for time.

"Through the heart and through the eyes and through the head and all over its body. There's blood." With his dirty hand he wiped angrily at a tear, smearing it across his cheek.

HIS MOTHER reached out to draw him near, but he resisted stiffly at first, and only after she had held him quietly in the circle of her arm for a while did he edge one leg over her knee, and allow her to ease him up onto her lap.

"Through the heart and through the eyes and through the head and all over its body. There's blood," he intoned.

Betsy felt a sharp rush of anger with her father. If he had to shoot rabbits why didn't he do it while

Jock was at nursery school, or bed, or anywhere but right on the spot?

Jock was watching her closely, searching her with angry, grieving eyes. "Now he's going to ask me where the rabbit went," she thought unhappily. But he didn't.

"There's rabbit blood on me," he said, extending the hand that had not been in his mouth.

Across the dirty little palm there was a streak of blood and rabbit hair. Betsy slid him off her lap and steered him toward the bathroom. He had evidently handled the dead creature, for there was also blood on his jacket.

She let him stand for a long time with his soapy hands under the relaxing stream of warm water flowing from the tap. Finally she wrung out a cloth and gently wiped the tears and dirt from his flushed face. The earlier pallor of anxiety had been replaced by the crimson flush of excitement.

"Would you like to have some tea with me?" Betsy asked, to indicate that they could now leave death and the rabbit behind them if he wished to. But he shook his head.

"Is *dead* like the rabbit?" he asked her.

Betsy suddenly felt lonely. *What I say now is terribly important* she thought miserably, *and I don't know how to do it.* She did not answer him for a long moment in which his eyes held hers relentlessly.

"Listen, darling," she said finally, "I guess gramp had to shoot the rabbit because rabbits do so much damage in the garden. It isn't like people. I'm sorry you had to see it, and I know you're unhappy, because you like rabbits, but those things just have to happen—and it's best to know that. But she knew he was not in any way satisfied or relieved by her words.

"Maybe the rabbit had little babies," he said fiercely.

"Maybe not—maybe no babies, darling. I hope it was a bachelor rabbit with no babies, but I really don't know. Don't feel sad about the babies. Probably there weren't any."

"Maybe the rabbit had little babies."

To a new truth nothing is more mischievous than an old error.

Goethe

bies—maybe it does.” He replied sharply and irrationally, rejecting the possibility of comfort.

Betsy sat still, her arm around him. “Where is the rabbit now?” she asked finally, and was sorry at once for the question.

Jock got off her lap. “Gramp put him far down in the garden, in a hole with a rock on top so the dogs won’t dig him up.” He watched her, not sparing her. “Come,” he demanded in a tone with such urgency in it she was startled.

Betsy put a sweater around her shoulders and got a pair of rubbers from the hall closet. She buttoned Jock’s jacket, and together they went out into the moist, sweet air. Jock gripped her hand tightly. His eyes were bright, and anger and excitement still burned in his cheeks. He pulled her ruthlessly along the driveway and through the lumpy stretch of sod that made a path between the asparagus and raspberries to the lower garden.

The long, lush meadow grass tripped them, and once Betsy stepped in a hole dug by rat or mole in the loamy earth. Jock pushed harshly through obstacles, but when he got to the foot of the garden he seemed lost. He tramped excitedly back and forth through the grass, trying to locate the stone under which the rabbit lay.

“You look, too,” he directed his mother. Then suddenly she saw him stoop and begin to tug and pull at a slab of rock. “Here it is. I found the rabbit,” he called. “Help me get the rock up.” It was a big rock, and heavy, chosen for its flatness and weight, and trodden as deeply as possibly into the burial pit. Together they upended it.

Betsy looked at the wad of brownish fur, blood streaked; at the stony face of the creature which had a certain dignity and patience in death. Jock looked at it, too, a long time. Then they replaced the stone and pushed it securely back into the hole. Betsy turned to go back up the hill, but Jock blocked her path.

“I asked you, is *dead* like the rabbit?” he demanded.

(Continued on page 32.)

MOTHER’S DAY DAUGHTER

*Look how this love, this mother, runs through all
the world God made—even the beast—the bird!*

Tennyson (Becket)

At Fredericksburg, Virginia, stands a monument, the only one erected to a woman by the women of America. This memorial was dedicated to Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, who, when he accepted a place on the staff of General Braddock, turned to her, and with tears in his eyes whispered: “The God, to whom you commended me when I set out on a most perilous errand, defended me from all harm and will do so again.”

Artists, poets and writers have immortalized mothers but only one person deserves full credit for introducing and popularizing the idea of a day dedicated to mothers.

That person was Anna M. Jarvis. Miss Jarvis, always deeply sentimental, active in welfare and temperance movements, began the singlehanded struggle to make Mother’s Day an international observance one year after her own mother died. Her idea was formally presented on May 9, 1907 when she gathered a few close friends at her home in observance of the second anniversary of her mother’s death.

The movement spread and from then on Miss Jarvis devoted herself to urging the adoption of the day and striving to make it a legal holiday. She wrote countless letters to the legislative and executive officers of nations and states. Some ignored her, others frankly expressed indifference, but the few that sympathized encouraged her to continue her one-woman campaign. Finally her efforts proved successful, so much so that she was forced to abandon her position as clerk for an insurance company. Her correspondence with many influential persons all over the country increased. The deluge of mail from churches, businessmen, governors and others high in the public limelight overflowed her red brick house in Philadelphia. She treasured these letters and stored them in the building she bought next to her home.

Seven years after she started her campaign President Wilson, sufficiently impressed, proclaimed the second Sunday in May, 1914, as flag holiday to honor the nation’s mothers. The carnation, significant of sweetness, purity, and endurance, was adopted as the appropriate floral emblem.

On November 24, 1948 Anna M. Jarvis, who had devoted most of her life to promoting a day dedicated to mothers, died at the age of eighty-four. But Mother’s Day, now recognized in more than forty countries, was firmly established and the dream of Miss Jarvis had come true.

By JOSEPH CHARLES SALAK



Gandhi with Pandit Nehru

—Acme P

MOHANDA

DURING the later years of the tumultuous life of Gandhi, the newspapers frequently carried pictures of him, a small, lean, bald man, clothed with little except a loin cloth and sandals. He seemed to the average person a pitiable, foolish little fellow as he talked to the Indians around him about what he called "soul force" and as he preached to them non-resistance. "Let these soldiers do what they will to you, but do not resist; never use violence." That was his idea. But "practical people,"

such as you and I, said: "Foolish man, to let people trample him down without resisting!"

But that insignificant-looking man, whom so many of us derided, was in fact one of the most powerful individuals the world has ever known. During the high tide of his influence he was the ruler of the minds and wills of nearly three hundred million people, and in the end he put to rout the hitherto unbeatable British Empire. Today, not so long after his tragic death, his country, India, is free from the

tyrannies of the British, who had ruled its helpless masses for more than a century. And India is free because of the life and work of this little man who had a great dream.

Looking at a picture of Gandhi some might think him ignorant. It may be a revelation to them to find that in his early manhood he was graduated in the University of London in the field of law, and that he afterward became one of the keenest lawyers of his day. No one could fool him; in the law

urts of Bombay, where ne practiced his profession, he was un-
atable. And, if he had chosen
o remain a practicing lawyer, he
ould have become a rich man, with
l the privileges that wealth
rings. But there was something
a Mohandas Gandhi's heart that
ould not let him waste his life
mply making money. What he
ad within him was the conviction
at "the things which are seen are
emporal; but the things which are
piritual are eternal." It was the
onviction that life is intended for
ervice rather than for selfish
ratification. It was quite natural
hat Gandhi should have this
thought about life, for his family
p in northwestern India has been
oted for its saints and servants.
His father, a government official,
ave everything he had to the poor,
nd his mother devoted her days to
ursing the sick.

Having received the very best
n education and having proved
himself a success in his chosen field,
Mohandas Gandhi looked about
nd asked himself what he could
do to help others. It was not
difficult for him to find a suitable
eld for service in his own country.
There was India, with some rich
and privileged cities lorded over

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

by stern officers and military men
from England; but far from these
cities, for thousands of miles there
were everywhere the poor, the
downtrodden, the outcasts. For
many centuries India had been a
slave country. The Greeks, the
Arabs, the Mongols, the Persians,
the French, the Dutch had in turn
conquered India and enslaved its
people; and finally the British had
come to rule.

And now, as the young lawyer
in his twenties looked about for
a cause in which to invest his life,
he dreamed a great dream: he
would do all he could to break the
power of the British Empire over
his own India; he would, if he
could, set his people free.

In 1893, two years after his re-
turn from England, the twenty-
four-year-old lawyer was called to
South Africa on an important case.
What he found there made him
weep. A few years before, a large

number of Hindus, 150,000 or
more, had emigrated to the Dutch
and British colonies of South
Africa, mainly to the province of
Natal. The white population there
did not like them, and the govern-
ment had passed oppressive laws
with a view to driving them out.
Meanwhile their shops were looted
and destroyed and many of them
were lynched for no reason except
that they were Hindu, an "inferior
race." Gandhi himself, who had
been graciously received in the
London university, was set upon,
thrown out of hotels and trains,
beaten, kicked—because he was a
Hindu. He was really suffering
with his own and in their behalf.

When the year of his contracted
stay in South Africa was up,
Gandhi had to decide what he
should do. Should he return to
the \$30,000-a-year law practice
in Bombay or remain with these
oppressed people to fight for

Gandhi and his granddaughters. It was Mani (left) in whose arms
he died.

—Acme Photo

ANDHI

*A
Modern
Saint*



them against the cruel government? He decided to remain. Then he went busily to his work. He fought for his countrymen in the courts, established newspapers to plead their cause, provided better education for them. At the same time he taught the people a new way of fighting wrong. He said: "Oppose evil not with violence, but with heroic passivity. When the oppressor smites you, do nothing, and do it aggressively." In other words he was passing to them Christ's teaching: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

GANDHI TOLD the oppressed people to have nothing to do with the whites, to refuse to work on their farms or in their industries. Finally, in 1906, the British government became desperate and passed new laws against the Hindus, more severe than earlier ones. The prisons became full of stubborn Hindus, many were killed; Gandhi was three times imprisoned. But this new method of resistance won! The government finally gave in. Gandhi, the apostle of non-resistance, had won his first great victory.

During World War I, when England was in great danger, what could India do? Through the influence of Gandhi and others, she was induced to fight with the Western Powers against Germany, and she sent a million men to France to fight for England. The war ended, and now would England show her

If I were appointed dictator of all India for one hour, the first thing I would do, would be to close all liquor establishments.—Mahatma Gandhi.

appreciation of India's fighting aid? On the contrary, England forced through the Indian Council an Act making British rule even more strict! And the result? Gandhi foresaw a revolt, which soon came. But he cautioned his people against violence. When you are attacked, he said, do nothing. Oppose these brutal men not with arms, but with *satyagraha*, or *soul force*.

The people of India responded to Gandhi's advice with enthusiasm. They told the British that this new law, which they called "The Black Act," was unjust and they would not obey it. In the spring of 1919, on a special day, 300,000,000 people dedicated themselves to a campaign of passive resistance. The British resented this "foolish act," and sent military forces to take over. One day the people gathered in a great square to observe a feast day. General Dyer, in charge of the soldiers, thought it a riot, and ordered the guns fired. Hundreds of Hindus were killed and wounded. All India was a quiver with anger and grief.

The English offered to make some reforms, but they were vain. Mohandas Gandhi returned to England the medals and decorations given him for his services

during the war. The battle was now on. Everywhere Gandhi went teaching the people self-control—no violence! He endeavored to improve education throughout India; he urged that the drink evil be banished; and he told the people to give up goods manufactured in England and to return to spinning their own clothes. Further, he taught them to give up their hatred for their own outcasts, or *pariahs*. Love all men, he pleaded.

The battle which Gandhi waged was not an easy one. Too often there would break forth some violence. When that happened, he took the blame upon himself and fasted in penitence. Such a man. When, as a result of India's refusal to accept British goods and to cooperate in any way, Britain's Indian trade fell off by many millions of dollars, the government decided that Mohandas Gandhi was a dangerous person and he was arrested. The judge who tried him sentenced him to six years in prison.

The great leader went behind the bars, and the massed millions of India fell on their knees in prayer for him. They began to call him *Mahatma*, which means *saint* or *great soul*. When he was released from prison after two years, he retired from the active life he had known for so many years. He lived the life of the common Hindu. He worked in the fields, he spun native cloth, he meditated. And through the years his influence spread; he was mightier than ever, this little man. Meanwhile the materialistic world looked upon him, calling him a crazy fanatic.

When, a few years ago, Mohandas Gandhi fell from a pistol shot of one who could not understand his way of life, he became not only to the three hundred million of India but to countless millions the world over, a crowned saint. And now that India is at last free from the brutal rule of overlords, humanity praises that now hopeful people for producing a man of whom even an English enemy could say: "One does not feel it blasphemous to compare Gandhi with Christ."

Orchard Sacrament

Here in this orchard beauty lies
Wherever I may turn to look,
With sun for bread and dew for wine,
A cherry blossom for a book,
In tabernacle made of trees,
A warm wind blowing . . . heaven-sent,
And robins singing vesper hymns,
I kneel to take spring's sacrament.

INEZ CLARK THORSON

*if college—***WHERE?**



a Tour

Here's counsel on that problem of choosing the right college. One can't begin too soon to gather information and make plans; so here are helps to start you off to a wise selection.

IT'S A tremendously big question, that question of college. Mother and Dad want to be consulted and they should be. Uncle and Aunt may have good advice to give. But essentially it is Jane's and Jim's question, that is, if Jane and Jim are mature enough to make their own decisions. And if they are not, they are probably not mature enough to go off to college and be on their own.

Jane and Jim will be wise to start with the previous question: why do they want to go to college? Only honest answers can lead to the right choice of college. Is it because it's the easiest thing to do? Everybody's doing it? Or for social honor, the

prestige-sorority, the admission card to the right social group later? Is it for specialized training such as nursing or kindergarten work or engineering? Or is it for a broad general education, the kind intended to make one a more intelligent person, a more loyal citizen, a better companion for one's self and one's friends?

If one wants vocational training, one will choose a school that offers that specialty. But this essay of counsel is intended for the Jim and the Jane who

By KENNETH I. BROWN

want the best liberal arts education available to them. Before the choice is made, however, there are three personal considerations to be faced.

What are Jim's and Jane's special interests? Perhaps Jane loves art and is rather hoping some day to be a commercial artist; some day she may go to an art school, but now she wants the fundamental liberal arts background. Jim has been doing some reading in industrial psychology; he doesn't know too much about it but what he knows invites him to know more.

It is most important that Jane choose a college with a strong art department, so that in addition to her general education she can take introductory courses in art. And Jim would be foolish to enroll at a college which did not have some courses in industrial psychology so that he may explore further.

The second question is that of finances. Is there money enough for Jane and Jim to choose a college without regard to costs? Or are they limited by family income to a college in the low-cost range? Even if such limitation is upon them, they will do well to include in their list of possible colleges some of higher costs, for most colleges have scholarships, grants-in-aid, and campus employment for deserving students.

The third question may in part be answered by Jane's and Jim's finances: what part of the country would they like for college? The daughter of one of my friends, after a summer in Colorado, said to her family, "I'll go to any college in Colorado you want me to go to, but please don't ask me to go to a school where I can't see the mountains." There is profitable experience for the student of the Pacific Coast to look to the Middle West for college, or the Middle Westerner to dream of the Pacific or the Atlantic seaboard.

When Jane and Jim have found the answers to these three initial questions, then is the time to start making their lists. They will do well to consult their high school advisers, for they are trained to give wise assistance in problems of this kind. Then, too, they know the abilities and the personalities of Jane and Jim and have some idea on which college campuses they might be most successful and also happiest; and also, which colleges are more likely to accept them with their records and recommendations. Jane and Jim will do well to star any college strongly recommended for them by their high school counselors.

Some common reasons for choosing college are woefully inadequate reasons. Just because their friends are going to Middlerank, that is no good reason for Jane and Jim going, unless Middlerank suits their needs. Just because Goodenuff College has a lacrosse team or Mightdo once won a football championship are not strong reasons for choosing them. Just because Mother or Dad went to Almater, Jane and Jim may well consider Almater, but colleges change over a period of years and what may have been splendid for the parent-generation may not be the best for the new generation. On the other hand, there is something very fine where family roots are deep in the soil of a common college, for that loyalty becomes another tie to bind the family together.

When Jane and Jim list their possible choices there are some other preferences which will be registered either consciously or unconsciously:

Shall it be a school exclusively for men or for women, or shall it be co-educational? Each type has its strong points and the choice will be made largely in terms of the personal wish of Jane and Jim.

Shall it be a college with Greek letter fraternities and sororities or a college which seeks to offer the advantages of group-experience through local club or dormitory groupings? There is no right-or-wrong answer to the question but there may be strong personal preference.

Shall it be a college or a university where Jane and Jim might continue for graduate study if they wish? Again a personal question and the answer will be given in part on the measure of student ability and their need for the maximum intellectual competition to bring out their best.

Shall it be a city college or one in a rural setting? Again the personal inclination will give the answer.

Shall it be a junior college or a four-year college? Vigorous answers can be given on both sides. Expressing a purely personal opinion, I suggest that if Jane and Jim know they are working for a bachelor's degree, and if both are reasonably well adjusted young persons, they will do well to choose a senior college, hoping their choice will be a happy one and that they can continue there for four years. The experience of transferring at the end of the sophomore year to a campus where the posts of student leadership are already tentatively filled is frequently disheartening and disappointing.

Questions, questions, questions—but a list of possible colleges is in formation. If it is at all possible let Jane and Jim visit the campuses standing highest on their lists. It is desirable that the visit come when college is in session and also that the directors of admissions at the various colleges be informed of the plans for the visit. The use of the family car and a swing around a half dozen colleges (assuming that they are not on opposite coasts) is a rewarding experience. Spend, if possible, at least a half-day on each campus; if the invitation comes, plan to have a meal in the college dining hall.

If possible visit a class in a favorite subject. It is not fair to judge any faculty by a single representative, but was the teacher stimulating? Were his methods different from high school teaching? Were the students alert and responsive? Did you wish you could go another time?

If possible meet the dean of students. Was the dean cordial? Did he (or she) talk about significant things? Did you get the impression of a personal interest in you and a willingness to work for your best maturity? Was the dean the kind of person you felt you could talk to if things went wrong?

Be sure to meet the students, as many as possible. Ask for a student guide. And if you can, have time with the students without the director of admissions tagging along. Most directors will try to "sell buildings," but buildings, if adequate for their functions, are not the most important thing on a campus. For

Jim and Jane, persons are the most important: Faculty members, deans, students. Are the students the kind you would like for friends? Were they courteous and gracious to you, a stranger? Was their conversation interesting, significant, clean? Did you find a loyalty to the institution? Was there a frank recognition that the work of the classroom might be important? Did you have a desire to be a part of the group?

Be certain to get exact information about the academic standing of the college. There are across the country state and regional and national accrediting associations. Recognition by these groups testifies to good academic practices. Jane and Jim will be unwise to pick a college which lacks at least regional accreditation, for they may find themselves handicapped later in transferring credit to other colleges or to gaining admission to a graduate school.

If Jane's and Jim's campus tour can include six to eight colleges carefully selected and recommended by the high school counselor, and if such a check list for each campus can be kept, at the end of the trip Jane and Jim ought to have a reasonable answer to their question, "If college—where?"

But here are some bits of miscellaneous advice:

Let Jane and Jim start their thinking about colleges in the sophomore year of high school or most certainly not later than the junior year. Establish an early friendly contact with the colleges on the selected list.

If possible let the choice or choices be made early in the senior year, so that the final year of high school

can be filled with happy anticipation of a college experience on one of the group of chosen campuses.

Depending on the high school records of Jane and Jim and upon the advice of their counselors, as well as on the suggestions of the college director of admissions, they will make application to one or to more than one college.

If finances are in question, don't hesitate to put your situation very frankly before the director of admissions of the college you have chosen and learn the probable help that college may be able to offer you. There is no need for embarrassment; there is need for honest frankness.

All of the suggestions and questions above concern themselves with the college as an academic institution and how to get in. I have reserved for the last the important question, Shall Jane and Jim choose a Christian college, or are they satisfied with one of the great secular institutions, knowing they can get excellent teaching at such? Jane and Jim may need to be reminded that a college must be a good academic institution to be a genuinely Christian college; otherwise, it parades its hypocrisy, in not being what it pretends to be. But a good college is not necessarily a Christian college.

Within the group of Christian colleges are institutions related to many of the great communions. Jane and Jim will do well to give consideration to the colleges of their own church. Or they may choose to look beyond, to a strong Christian college holding ties with some other Protestant communion. But the choice must be faced and some decision made.

The decision will be made, generally speaking, on whether Jane and Jim and their advisers think religion is important in the educational process, and if important which institution is doing the best job of aiding their students to both a keen mental maturity and a vigorous spiritual maturity. It is not easy to judge fairly this quality of a college. Pastors may have counsel to offer. And the students whom Jane and Jim meet on their campus visits can give the answers nearest truth. Chapels, courses in religion, church requirement—these are not the final answer. That final answer comes in the provisions which the college makes *in addition* for the continuing development of a student's value-judgments, his sense of right and wrong, his hold on the reality of God, his strong acceptance of brotherhood.

Jane and Jim may struggle long with their question, If college—where? The question deserves most careful answering. They will do well to remember that it is important to be a part of a college that they can name with pride all through their lives. Their choice of college will determine so many things about their future years—interests, attitudes, friends, perhaps marriage. And so they—any Jane and any Jim—will do well to bring their best thinking and wisest care to that first question, Shall it be College? And if the answer is yes, then they owe that same thinking and care to the next question—where?



—Serrano

"The little handle is on the six and the big handle is on the three! Is it nine o'clock, Daddy?"

devotional helps for

O H, NO, not that!"

These emphatic words spoken by six-year-old Allen cut short his mother's voice as she started to read to the family. They were seated around the breakfast table and had just begun their daily period of family devotions. As Mrs. Gray looked at Mr. Gray and fifteen-year-old Mary looked at thirteen-year-old Sally, amusement and resignation showed on their faces. It was just no use to try to insert into the daily devotions the meditations from the devotional quarterly that the parents enjoyed. Once again their attempts were stopped short as Allen voiced his objections.

Along with the rest of the family he liked to sing a verse of a hymn, recite some Bible memory verses, listen to a short Bible passage, and participate in sentence prayers, but he strenuously objected to the meditations written primarily for adults. As a result of his exclamation this morning, his mother laid down the devotional quarterly and picked up Hurlbut's *Story of the Bible* to continue the daily reading of a portion of it.

There had been previous trials with other adult devotional material which the rest of the family found helpful. Since it had not interested Allen, it had been decided to use the *Story of the Bible*. To this Allen listened enthusiastically and his interest held over from day to day. This book contained stories from the Bible written in simple style. His liking of these was made evident in his comment one morning, "These stories are exciting." He was learning that the Bible is a live book.

From the time Allen was old enough to be a participating member in the family devotions, it had been a problem to find materials of interest to all three children because of the wide age range between him and his sisters. Before Allen's entrance into this family activity, it had been easy to select materials because the girls had been close in age and in range of interests.

Before Mary's birth Mr. and Mrs. Gray had had a period of worship together. During her babyhood they had sung a child's hymn and prayed at her bedside each night. When she was two and a half, the accustomed bedtime prayer and hymn had become "Vespers." This happened at her request after her attendance at a vesper service with her mother and father. Mary's vesper hour was made up of simple songs she knew, a Bible story, a quiet talking over of the day, a prayer, and taps. The Bible stories

used in her vesper hour were the simple ones written for small children.

When Sally had been old enough to be aware of this bedtime vespers, she was included. Several years later the evening period for family worship was changed to the breakfast hour. As the girls grew older, in addition to hymns and Bible passages, the material used was *As Day Begins* by Elizabeth McEl Shields, *Then I Think of God*, and *Some Time Every Day* by Mabel Niedermeyer, and the quarterly *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls*. The family also read through Hurlbut's *Story of the Bible*, a volume composed of all the stories found in the Bible. The girls had also enjoyed planning and conducting a monthly worship service given on a Sunday afternoon. For this they used stories, memory verses, and songs from their Sunday lesson leaflets.

All of this had taken place before Allen became a member of the family, during his babyhood, and during the time he was a high-chair participant at the family devotional period. When he was old enough to share in the songs, memory verses, and prayers once again there were used the very simple Bible stories for little children which the two sisters had heard when they were small. Now, they tolerated them for Allen's sake.

As the brother grew older the material in *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls* was interesting to him. Finally came the day when the parents tried out the adult devotional booklet they used privately and which they felt their daughters would now find helpful. Allen's immediate reaction was negative. At this point Hurlbut's *Story of the Bible* was first begun for him. The boy's immediate response was gratifying and his sisters were glad to hear again from this book the well-loved Bible stories. Then came the morning when the parents thought still again to use the adult devotional quarterly with the above-mentioned disappointment.

SEVERAL MONTHS later they investigated the new devotional quarterly *The Secret Place*. Much to their delight, they discovered that many writers had kept small children in mind as they prepared their devotions. Allen voiced no objections to the daily readings that contained a good story. If a daily page seemed too adult for him, mother or father would scan it and give the family a thought for the day based on the reading. This use of *The Secret Place* along with *The Story of the Bible* made the family worship period one to be anticipated. The pages "Worship in the Family With Young Children," in the family magazine, *Hearthstone*, provided bits of

By MARGARET H. STARN

FAMILY WORSHIP

Family worship can inspire and strengthen you. Here are helps for your devotions that are practical and flexible so that they may be adapted to your particular family's needs.



—Merrim from Monkmeyer

poetry to add to the devotions and new prayers for the blessings at the dining table.

The family felt it important to find a time in the day to have a worship period together. Breakfast was the best time for them because everyone could be present at that hour. Only Allen and mother were home for lunch and sometimes one or another of the family was gone at the evening meal. Having the devotional period at breakfast meant a fifteen-minute earlier arising hour for everyone, but they all felt it was worth it. The values of this shared experience far outweighed the benefits of the extra fifteen minutes of sleep.

The Grays knew that not all families could find it possible to worship together at breakfast. For another family the period might be at the lunch hour or at the evening meal. The Grays did know that finding a time when all the family could be together for worship involved planning, some sacrifices of time from other activities, and a placing of the right emphasis in the most lasting values in life. Allen's family firmly believed that the family who worships together stays together. They knew that family worship helped all of them to be more Christian as they lived together and went to school or to work.

One day Mary said at the close of the worship

period, "We were talking about family worship in Sunday school recently. Jean said that her family just can't find a regular time for all of them to be together. Her mother works through the day. Her dad and brother work nights. She and her sister have different school hours. Since they can't all get together for a worship hour, they have a worship center."

"What is it like?" asked Sally.

"It's in a corner of their living room where there is an easy chair by a small table. Over the table hangs a picture of Jesus. On the table is a Bible, *The Secret Place*, and the *Hearthstone*. Every one

of them at some time during the day goes to the worship spot and uses *The Secret Place*, reading the Bible passages, the meditation, and prayer. Jean says even though they can't all be together for a devotional period it means a lot to them to feel they have all read the same verses of the Bible and the same page of *The Secret Place*."

"Yes, it would be a very excellent spiritual time for all of them," Mr. Gray replied. "If the day ever comes when we can't possibly find a time for all of us to get together for a worship period, we could try a worship corner."

On special occasions such as birthdays and Thanksgiving, the Grays liked to add a special Bible passage, an appropriate story or poem. On Easter and Christmas longer worship periods were carefully planned. These especially planned devotions for the family gave added meaning to holidays that are in danger of becoming too secularized. The highlight of the year was the Christmas worship service usually planned for Christmas Eve. Christmas carols, Luke's account of Jesus' birth, Christmas poems and stories were woven into a service of beauty. Acting out the Christmas story with the crèche and its figurines was sometimes a part of the service.

The Christmas Allen was four, all the excitement of Christmas preparations had seemed too much for him. The family worship service on Christmas Eve took place shortly before the bed hour. All during the service which the girls had happily planned, Allen restlessly moved about calling aloud at intervals. The service was shortened and preparations for bed made. Then at the sisters' request, "Can't we sing some carols before we go to sleep?" the family gathered around the Christmas tree and sang carol after carol. Allen, now in a worshipful mood, quietly sang the Christmas story with the rest as they moved from one carol to another. It was truly a worship period.

THIS INCIDENT taught the family that many of the most helpful worship periods could be spontaneous, growing out of a need to express their joy or to ask for guidance as some event called forth an awareness of God. Such a period might come as the family stepped back to admire the finished product of the Christmas tree trimming. Again it might be as someone would call the rest to see a beautiful sunset on a moonlit sky. Because the family worshiped together daily, they found it easy to worship together spontaneously.

However or whenever their family worship might be, it was a source of power to each of them throughout the day as they went their separate ways. It gave them a family unity as well as inspiration and strength to put their Christianity into daily living.

When God Gave Motherhood

When God gave Motherhood
He must have thought of prayer,
that, like a rose,
unfolds its lovely petals
so that upward goes
its fragrance through the air.
God must have thought of prayer.

He must have thought of spring,
when earth awakes,
and flowers bloom and birds all sing,
and everything partakes
with joy of living, growing thing.
God must have thought of spring.

He must have thought of love
that from the sky
enfolds the earth and all, and comes,
gentle as a sigh,
caressing as the wing of dove.
He must have thought of love.

When God gave Motherhood
from Heaven above
He must have thought of prayer,
of spring, of love.

MARY MOSER



—Eva Luoma

There are countless ways to entertain little people under six—a little music, a rhyme or two, and your small guest is well repaid for helping keep you young at heart.

ARE YOUR children grown and married? Do they live far distances from the old home place, where miles make it impossible for frequent visits? Do you feel yourself growing old and set in your ways?

Look around you for a small child and cultivate that child's friendship. Encourage the youngster to visit you in your home often. This has a rejuvenating effect greater than any found in jars or bottles and it keeps you from getting too selfish and self-centered too, if you give your time freely to someone maybe not yet six.

We have been lucky. Ever since our own children married and moved to far distant states we have always had a little neighbor who, shy at first, soon began to feel at home in our big, empty rooms and who has enriched our lives and taught us a great deal more than we ever learned from books about keeping young.

At present Kay is our current constant visitor. Her parents try to hold her back as much as possible.

"Now don't go bothering the neighbors," her mother tells her, "they're probably busy with their own household chores and they won't have time to bother with you." But somehow that little triycle has a way of ending its jaunts right here at our own front steps and before the day is well under way, I find a diminutive figure at my side.

(Continued on page 23.)

STAYING YOUNG

with the very young visitor

MOTHER

SHE IS A gentle-mouthed little woman with eyes that seem very open to the world. Their look is as personal as a touch. To discover the fountainhead of her personality, I asked a few questions as I painted her portrait. And this is the story she told.

When Earle Gillis entered his home that night, his steps were more brisk than usual. Ordinarily he was too tired from carrying the mailbag from house to house, to step very lightly. He came into the kitchen where Pearle Owens was preparing dinner for six hungry youngsters.

"I have good news for you," he said, settling down comfortably in the chair which she had pushed toward him. "News you've been waiting for."

The spoon with which Mrs. Gillis had been stirring soup became motionless. "Is it the transfer?" She tried to seem calm about the question.

"Yes, and to the very place we wanted—Fort Worth, Texas. A mail carrier there wants to come back to Missouri. He'll take my place at Cameron, and I'll step into his shoes at Fort Worth."

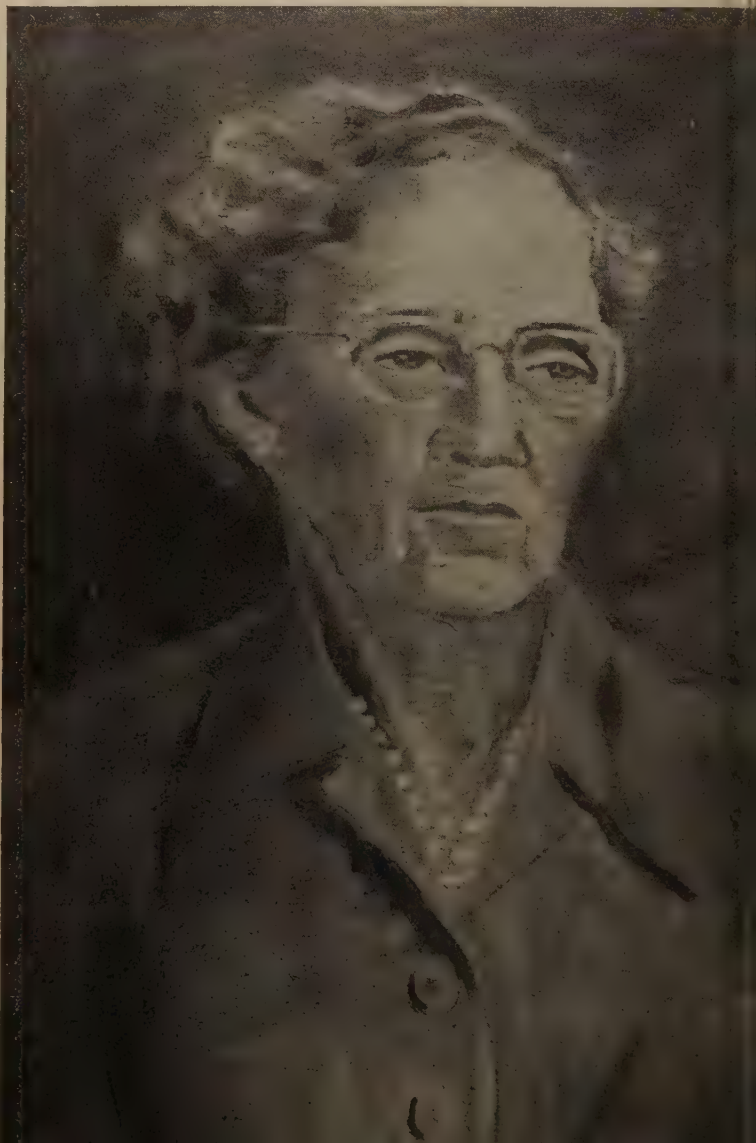
It seemed a drastic move. Both Earle and Pearle had grown up in the quiet little town in Missouri. They had gone to the Baptist Church together, had taken part in the young people's societies, had discovered they loved each other and married. But the move from Cameron to Fort Worth was a dream of long standing. Knowing that they longed to educate their six children, their pastor had recommended Fort Worth as a desirable goal. It had a Theological Seminary and Christian colleges. The younger Gillises could stay at home while they received their education.

As Father Gillis pointed out, "You can keep them healthy with your good cooking, Mother."

And that's how the Missouri Gillises became Texans. Now, tiny

For this Mother's Day we present an intimate interview with a woman who calls herself "an ordinary mother." Perhaps you too will alter her description to read: "An ordinary mother with extraordinary vision."

—from the portrait by Elizabeth Logan Day



Mother Gillis had been honored by a citation from the American Mothers' Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation as the 1949 mother. Because she demonstrated to her children that all things are possible, they achieved the higher education which fitted them for the high places of service.

In their home life, the elder Gillises have always stressed service for the Master. The children followed their example. In the summer, instead of taking well-paying jobs, they utilized their various talents in a worthy cause. During the hot, dry months Carroll, Donald, Everett and Eileen packed up their musical instruments and their Bibles. They traveled from church to church to hold evangelistic meetings. In the winter they earned money for college by playing for gym classes and in orchestras. Their talent and energy brought scholarships. Of an evening, if friends looked in on the Gillis family, they would be entertained by the family orchestra. The playing and singing together was a bond.

Talking about the family orchestra, Mrs. Gillis smiled tenderly. She seemed to enjoy that memory almost as much as the homage which she was receiving now. She was spending her first visit to New York at the Hotel Ambassador as the guest of the American Mother's Committee. Another memory made her smile. "When one boy ran out of clean shirts, he could always borrow from a brother. They never quarrelled over whose clothes were whose. They were like that about money—gladly sharing and never insisting upon

being repaid. Guess they realized what was really important in life."

"How did you ever manage on a postman's salary?" I asked between brush strokes.

"I'll admit it wasn't easy," she said. "Sometimes it was a strug-

gle to make ends meet." Then she straightened her ninety-four-pound body, suddenly looking confident and serene. "And then we had help from heaven. Every morning after breakfast, we read the Bible and prayed. We asked for daily bread—meaning that, literally. Believing, we received.



—Religious News Service

Mrs. Gillis with her husband and three of her children.

By ELIZABETH LOGAN DAVIS

Of course it was often a pretty close shave. Sometimes my husband had to walk three miles to work because he didn't have car-fare."

In those days she hadn't time for outside social activities. But she did work in the church. She taught a Sunday school class and was active in the missionary society. She might have said, "No, I can't teach. I have six youngsters to get off to Sunday school."

Mr. Gillis was superintendent and he might have said, "No. I can't serve. I need Sundays to sift the ashes to save every nugget of coal. I need Sundays to work in the garden."

But the Gillis' aren't like that.

"I tell my daughters that whatever effort they put forth for their children will be repaid a hundred-fold." Then, in a proud, shy voice Mrs. Gillis described her repayment. "There's Don near by at the National Broadcasting Company. He's music production manager. Texas Christian University gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. One of his great honors took place when his Symphony No. 5 was played over NBC by Arturo Toscanini."

"And what have the other children done with their talents?" I asked, trying with the colors on my palette to show the character behind the delicate features.

"Three of my sons have doctorates. Carroll is a missionary under the Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in Buenos Aires. He has compiled a series of Bible commentaries in Spanish—the first work of its kind.

"Everett is professor of English in the Texas College of Arts and Industries. He is also a poet with considerable success. I think he inherited his love of poetry from me—but he carried it a step forward. He not only loves it, he writes it." Then she added with a charming considerateness, "Maybe you rather I wouldn't talk while you paint me."

"No, no, go right ahead," I urged, for I wanted to catch the animation of her face as she talked. It was a glowing animation which softened the lines which hard work had etched.

Beatitudes For a Mother

Blessed is the mother—

Who enjoys the management of her home,

And makes of it a business,

Knowing the value of good stewardship

In careful planning of her responsibilities,

Allowing so much time for strict routine of household chores

So much, for playing with the family,

So much, for marital companionship,

And not too little for the well-springs of her spirit—

Who elevates the family relationship

Above a selfish game where love is wanting,

And makes of each dissension an opportunity

To teach religion and the love of one another—

Who knows the faults of her own character,

And, knowing them, repels them

For her children's sakes—

Who, sensing her own weakness,

Has sought the Lord and found Him

An ever-present source of strength

In all her striving.

Such a mother makes of the home a haven of security

For the members of her family.

They will thrive and grow strong

In an atmosphere of faith.

They will face the hardships of an uncertain world

With holy ambition and true confidence,

For their security is within themselves.

MARION PENDLETON

So she continued. "Lewis, the youngest boy, is at Texas Christian University and is a competent musician. He plays beautifully."

"On what instrument?"

"Not just one but three—the trombone, bass viol and piano. Besides this, he composes and arranges music."

At this point, Mr. Gillis came in from a walk up Park Avenue. "I can't stand this hotel room for long. Get a caged feeling," he said.

Mrs. Gillis smiled. "He's used to the great open spaces in Texas," she said indulgently. "Settle down and talk about your daughters, Earle."

"Well . . . our girls are musicians too. Eileen teaches music in the high school and her mother helps care for her two children.

You'd think Mother would have had enough of child care. But she keeps her hand in by helping train her seven grandchildren. Evelyn stays home to look after her one child, but finds time for her piano and choral work."

Mr. Gillis stepped back to examine the portrait and remarked, "She certainly does resemble her ma—eyes and all." He continued, "Did she tell you about our adopted children—eight of them?"

"Not exactly adopted," said Mrs. Gillis. "However, we did have them in our home for months at a time. They were boys in college with my sons."

Mr. Gillis went on. "Don would bring home an unexpected guest, explaining that the boy had run out of money. And Mother here, would add an extra can of toma-

toes to the soup to make it go around. She'd set another place, all the time explaining that he was welcome for as long as he wanted to stay. Sometimes these were children of missionaries. The only home they would know was hers."

Mrs. Gillis smiled a gentle, deprecatory smile. "I haven't been able to do very much for I'm just a plain woman. My people were poor farmers and I never had the advantages that my children have had," she said. "I'm just an ordinary woman."

But I said to myself as I put the finishing high lights in the portrait, "Just an ordinary woman with an extraordinary vision of motherhood. . ."

Staying Young With the Very Young Visitor

(From page 19.)

Perhaps it is music that serves as the most powerful magnet. Kay is very fond of music. She has an ear for melody, too. She picks up some popular air that is being played a great deal on the radio, and quickly learns the words. Soon her Peter Pan notes are piped through our windows.

As soon as she hears me begin to play, she comes to the window and peeps in.

"Come in, Kay," I will say, opening the door wide. In no time at all she is beside me on the bench. She calls for her favorites and sings them with me lustily. A child of five or six seldom wants to listen quietly to an instrumental piece, no matter how gay.

"Sing it," she will command in that high sweet treble, and I, who was never much of a singer anyway, and now find my vocal notes decidedly rusty, find myself warbling all the old songs I used to sing with our own children.

Kay is a very smooth young lady. Her mother has taught her not to ask for cake or cookies or cold drinks, but she has ways of getting these sweets.

"My, it's a hot day," she will remark, looking eagerly at the bottled drinks just under the ice cubes, when I go into the refriger-

erator for a pat of butter. "Don't you think it's hot today? A day like this makes you real thirsty, doesn't it?"

As a matter of fact, the day is just a little on the cool side, but, although I'm not as nimble with my thoughts as my visitor, I do see where this conversation is leading. But I wait until I see what she will say next. It is not long in coming out.

"I guess I need a big glass of real cold water," she says, looking wistfully at these bottles and then I laugh and—yes, of course, we have a tea party. Any small amount of food and drink, served in the gay flowered dishes and the red crystal glass is a tea party.

IF I'M sewing she colors pictures on the floor beside me, for we have a coloring book and crayons which we keep on the bottom book shelf for our small visitors. Sometimes I let her make a clothes pin holder, just a small square envelope of bright colored print, with tabs for holding it on the line. This is usually a special occasion gift for her mother. Her fat, chubby legs barely reach the pedal, for ours is an old-fashioned treadle type machine, but she pedals furiously, and feels elated when she discovers she has actually stitched a straight seam.

"But I don't see how you manage to keep a small child quiet and satisfied for more than a half-hour," a friend said recently. "My small guests are so restless. Even if I get out cookies or picture books, they finish the cookies, look hastily at the pictures and are on the prowl again."

"It's easy," I told her. "Your key is a few jingles and stories from the land of Make Believe. Children never tire of the old favorites. You will find that the three pigs who cry, 'No, No, No by my chinney, chin, chin,' to the wolf's entreaties to 'Let me in, little pig, let me in,' are quite as enchanting to this generation of kindergarteners as they were to your mother and father and your grandmother and grandfather."

The little songs such as "Frog Went A-Courting" and "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?" and "Polly Wolly Doodle," with their endless repeated rhythms are as beguiling now as they ever were. And if you pretend your room you're dusting is really the abode of a giant or an old witch who will soon come home and peer into all the corners to see if there's any dust, what cooperation you get!

Small fry are great morale builders. And there are lots of little ways of making them welcome.

Robin Magic

The robins have their nesting pattern made;
They need no architect with labored plans,
No mortgage on their tree is held unpaid
But, with economy exceeding man's,
They measure need, and scorn the thought of more;
Their age-old wisdom shapes a simple nest
To hold an egg or two or three or four
And snugly curve around the mother's breast.

Without complexities of doors and locks,
Or fire insurance, tax, or overhead,
And lacking doubtful wealth of bonds and stocks,
They still are sheltered, warmed, and amply fed.
Their babies come, and singing, winging, go
With robin magic man will never know.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

There's Music in the Air

There's music in the air
When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen
On the bright and laughing sky.

There's music in the air
When the noontide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light
On the distant mountain stream.

There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost in evening's hush,
As its pensive beauties die.

Nature's each ecstatic sound
Thrills us with a joy profound,
While we list, enchanted there,
To God's music in the air.

—ANONYMOUS

Prayer

Father, we pray for the happiness of quiet, simple things, for contentment that comes from looking at a pot of flowers on a window ledge, at the light of an open fire on the hearth, or at colors splashed across the evening sky. We pray for the happiness of harmony in our home, of mutual co-operation and good will. We pray for the happiness of being as nearly as we can at all times honest and sincere and true. We pray for the inner joy that Jesus knew. In his name. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

Even I, God

Sometimes, God, I find You with us
As we sit on a park bench
Or wait for a crowded bus...
Remember what the psalmist said?
"Be still and know that I am God."

Sometimes while my friends are playing a game,
I make an island of quiet on the grass,
Just being still in Your name...
In the book of John it says,
"In me ye may have peace."

Whenever I am troubled by a problem I must meet—
Perhaps I wonder about death or how to say "I'm
sorry"—
My thoughts seem to kneel at Your feet...
"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of
Israel,
In quietness and confidence shall be your
strength."

Everything grows in silence—the fern, the leaves,
the tree and the rose—even I.
God, You must love the quiet because that is when I
find You,
That is when You speak to me.

—DOROTHY MEISTER

WORSHIP IN THE

with You



Worshiping God Through

The hearing ear, and the seeing eye,
The Lord hath made even both of them.

—Proverbs 20:12

From time to time in the life of every person there comes a flash of insight when understanding floods one's being. A little girl came across the word *gingham* in her spelling lesson. She repeated the letters until she knew them perfectly, pronouncing the word to herself with equal stress on each syllable. Walking to school the next morning, she was savoring the sound of the word on her tongue, when suddenly she connected this strange word with the material from which her mother made her school dresses. This flood of insight filled her with wonder and awe akin to that of worship. All such insights may be used for moments of worship if adults are alert and understanding. In the materialistic age in which we live, children sometimes grow up thinking that lovely things are only to be had by expending large sums of money to purchase some costly object. Lovely things are all about us. Understanding that fact may provide a moment of worship for young children. The psalmist had "eyes to see and ears to hear," and wrote a song of the things about him.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with
garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain,
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in
waters;

Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;

Flames of fire his ministers;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever.

—Psalm 104:1-4

Children



Growing Understanding

Growing understanding that God has planned fully and well for his creatures great and small is another opportunity for worship.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth.
—Psalm 104:14

The hay is carried, and the tender grass
showeth itself,
And the herbs of the mountains are gathered
in.

—Proverbs 27:25

And God said, Behold, I have given you every
herb yielding seed which is upon the face of
all the earth, and every tree in which is the
fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall
be for food: and to every beast of the earth,
and to every bird of the heavens, and to every-
thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein
there is life, I have given every green herb
for food: and it was so.

—Genesis 1:29-30.

A further step in the child's growing under-
standing comes when he realizes that God has
made a dependable universe. Years come and
go, and the cycle of the seasons comes with little
variation. This, too, is cause for worship.

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and
harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and
winter, and day and night shall not cease.

—Genesis 8:22

For he shall be as a tree planted by the
waters, that spreadeth out its roots by the
river, and shall not fear when heat cometh,
but its leaf shall be green; and shall not be
careful in the year of drought, neither shall
it cease from yielding fruit.

—Jeremiah 17:8

The poems and prayers which appear on these
pages may provide additional insight and under-
standing, and opportunities for worship.

Raindrop Blessing

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Rain upon the ground!
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
What a happy sound!

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Raindrops sing a song,
Bringing God's abundant good,
As they come along.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Thank you, raindrops all—
You are bringing help and plenty,
Blessing as you fall.

—ESTHER FRESHMAN

A Table Grace

Our Father, God, to whom we bring
Our thanks for every good,
We come before Thee, humbly seeking
Blessings on this food.

—J. B. C.

The Springtide Hour

The springtide hour brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

Bird, flow'r and tree, seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
And this my pray'r, my heart may share
The wond'rous joys of spring.

Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice—
The hills to laugh and sing:
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring!

—JOHN S. B. MONSELL

Prayer

Great Spirit of life, again we bow our heads in
humility and thankfulness, knowing that every good
and perfect thing comes from thee. We thank thee
for food, home, friends, the beauties of nature, and
for thy forgiving love. Teach us to understand and
love thy way of life and to walk in it always. In
Jesus' name. Amen.¹

—WILLIAM CLOUGH

¹From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William Clough. Copy-
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Cokesbury Press.

the new PLAYGROUND



*Cousin Tom is in strange trouble!
It all began when the brand new
playground opened.*

ONE SUMMER day Cousin Tom slept quite late and just got up in time for his best breakfast of catnip pancakes and apple syrup. He had some sunflower seed cereal, too, and he ate every mouthful. Mrs. Poodle, the housekeeper, said he cleaned the dishes so well that they really did not need to be washed!

Well, after breakfast the bachelor cat sat down in his swing chair, and began to get drowsy. He might have gone to sleep only Libby Lamb, the paper girl, came with his morning paper.

"Aren't you going to the new playground today, Cousin Tom?" asked Libby.

"New playground," asked the old cat, "where is that?"

"Why, Cousin Tom!" said Libby. "You know how the animal boys and girls and papas and mamas and uncles and aunts and even cousins have been working on a new playground. And it is all done today. Even the Mayor will be there to make a speech. I must hurry with my papers—good-bye, Cousin Tom!"

"Good-bye, Libby," called the old cat fellow. He picked up the paper, and right on the front page saw a picture of Harry Horse, the Mayor. And he read all about the new playground.

What Cousin Tom read was so exciting that he ran in to find Patience Poodle. "Patience, are you all through your work so we can go to the new playground?"

"Through my work? oh dear, no. You men have no idea of the cooking and baking and cleaning

and washing there is to do in a house. You run along, Tom, and I will come later," said Mrs. Poodle.

Before you could say "Kalamazoo" and tie your shoe, Cousin Tom had on his best suit, his red derby hat, and the most beautiful bow necktie. He picked up his cane and started off for the new playground.

It seemed as if everybody in Topsy-Turvey Center was at the playground. Topsy-Turvey Center is the name of the town where Cousin Tom and all his friends live. And the Mayor, Harry Horse, was chosen last year to make all the speeches that had to be made in the town. Harry had to greet all visitors, too, and he made a very fine Mayor.

As I have said, nearly everybody was there, and Harry Horse was already making his speech when the bachelor cat got there. While he talked the children were saying among themselves, "Hurry up! Why doesn't he hurry up? I am first on the swing!" and even so many other things, so that poor Harry got dreadfully mixed up and finally just said, "The playground is open!"

What a scurry there was then! Even the papas and mamas and uncles and aunts and cousins wanted to try everything. Cousin Tom wanted to try some things, too.

First, the bachelor cat picked out the merry-go-round. It was a very nice merry-go-round. It was Mrs. Brown's old clothes reel. Mr. Brown had run into the clothes-reel post with his car and had broken it off so short that he had to buy his wife a new one. The animal people had taken the old clothes reel and stuck it in the ground so low that all the little animals could reach it. They would hang onto the ropes and run until it was turning quite fast and then hold up their feet and sail through the air, around and around. Cousin Tom grabbed a rope and began to run, too.

The bachelor cat thought it was lots of fun when everyone held up his feet and sailed around. But no one had told him to hang on, and

(Continued on page 28.)

A Story by

GLENN H. ASQUITH

the frog who couldn't JUMP

Did you ever hear of a non-jumping frog?

There's no such thing? Well, now,

it just so happens that—



ONCE THERE was a small green frog called Freddy. He lived with his family beside a pleasant pond set around with shady willow trees.

Freddy was a good little frog and he did most things quite well—like swimming and climbing trees and catching bugs for dinner. But for some reason Freddy could not jump an inch. It worried his kind parents very much.

Felicia, Freddy's little sister, could jump like a grasshopper. Even Philip, the baby, could make small hops. Freddy would not even try.

Freddy's playmates were not at all kind about the matter. They made fun of Freddy.

"'Fraid-cat Freddy's afraid to jump,

Thinks he'd give his nose a

bump!" the boys yelled at him rudely.

Even the little girl frogs giggled at him. They said unkind things like:

"There goes Freddy on his toes, He's too stuck up to jump, I s'pose."

It hurt Freddy's feelings very much. He stayed home reading a book or making fly traps as much as he could. When his mother told him he must get outdoors in the healthful air, he wandered away into the woods himself, instead of going to the swimming hole with the other boys.

One day a new boy came to Freddy's school. His name was Franklin and everybody liked him because he seemed so frank and friendly. Freddy envied Franklin very much, because he was so well

liked and could do everything so well.

"I've lived in this neighborhood all my life," Freddy thought unhappily. "And Franklin has been here only a week. But already everybody likes Franklin better than anybody likes me!"

He went away into the woods by himself and caught caterpillars.

Next morning Freddy happened to meet Franklin on their way to school. "Hi, Freddy!" the new frog called in his friendly way. "You live down this way, too! That's jolly! We can go to school together every morning. It's fun to have company. Come on! I'll race you to the next tree, Fred!"

Of course, Franklin won because he went in long jumps, while Freddy just walked.

Franklin waited for Freddy to catch up. "Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't know there was something wrong with your legs," Franklin said. "I—I just thought all frogs could jump. But I like walking—and you walk very well—faster than I ever saw any other frog walk!"

This bit of praise cheered Freddy very much. "Yes, I can walk pretty well—even if I can't jump," he said modestly.

"Oh, you do *most* things very well," Franklin said. "Say, what a caterpillar catcher you are! I saw you taking home enough caterpillars for the family dinner last night. I wish you'd show me how you get them—such a lot of them!"

Freddy grinned happily. "I'll be glad to show you anything I can do," he told his new friend. "How about a caterpillar hunt after school? I know the best places for them."

Franklin agreed to go and they got a good bag of caterpillars.

After that Freddy and Franklin became great friends. They did all sort of things together.

A Story by

ELEANOR HAMMOND

"Freddy is really a whiz at so many things," Franklin told the other boys. "Haven't you noticed? He's a very clever fellow."

The other boys began to treat Freddy better. They stopped shouting rude rhymes about his not jumping. They began to notice his good points—because Franklin was always pointing them out.

"You're the best friend I ever had," Freddy told Franklin one day. "Say, I wonder—you know I've always been afraid to ask anybody else. Everybody has always made fun of me, so I've been afraid even to try. But do you suppose you could give me some jumping lessons, Frank?"

Franklin grinned. "Sure, I will," he agreed. "You'll catch on in no time—you're good at other things, so you'll be good at jumping!"

For a week Franklin and Freddy went off to the far side of the wood and practiced. Freddy was awkward at first, but he kept trying. Franklin didn't make fun of him or tell him he couldn't. And after a few days' practice Freddy found he *could*!

"I knew you could!" Franklin chuckled. "They'll put you on the jumping team before long, Fred."

"Well, anyhow I can jump!" Freddy said modestly. "And—I guess I never would have if you hadn't been so kind, never making fun of me."

"Shucks! It wasn't anything," Franklin laughed.

But Freddy knew it was. He raced Franklin home. He knew how surprised and delighted his father and mother would be when they saw he could *jump*!

The New Playground

(From page 26.)

he took his hands loose to hold his hat, and the merry-go-round went so fast that Cousin Tom couldn't turn the corner when the merry-go-round turned the corner and he sailed right on over the field and fell kersplash! in the big tub of lemonade.

God speaks to us in bird and song,
In winds that drift the clouds along,
Above the din of toil and wrong,
A melody of love.

God speaks to us in far and near,
In peace of home and friends most dear,
From the dim past and present clear,
A melody of love.

God speaks to us in darkest night,
By quiet ways through mornings bright,
When shadows fall with evening light,
A melody of love.

God speaks to us in every land,
On wave-lapped shore and silent strand,
Through kindly word and clasp of hand,
A melody of love.

JOSEPH JOHNSON

Oh my, how angry the ladies were. Here was Cousin Tom, red derby and all, thrashing around in the lemonade. And his red derby faded so much that the lemonade turned pink. You have had pink lemonade, haven't you? At circuses, you know? Well, that is how it started. Cousin Tom invented it with his red derby, but he didn't mean to.

The bachelor cat was so ashamed, and everyone laughed so much that he went off under a tree and hung up his suit to dry. He felt better, though, when he was all dried out, and he decided to try the seesaw.

This seesaw was made out of a tin can and a nice long board. The animal papas had hollowed out a little hole in the ground for the can to fit in, and then they put the board across it. It went up and down, up and down, up and down. Cousin Tom thought that he could go up and down much better than around and around because there were no corners to turn.

Grampy Goat said he would see-

saw with the cat cousin. So they went up and down, up and down. Everyone said they seesawed just beautifully.

"Yippy," yelled Cousin Tom, "it's a lippy-de-roo day!"

Just then Grampy Goat saw Mrs. Grampy Goat wave to him to come over and help with the ice cream freezer. He forgot about Cousin Tom and got right off his end of the seesaw. Do you know what happened? The bachelor cat came down so hard that he made a big hole in the ground and kept on going down until the seesaw fell in on top of him.

Oh, what excitement then! Mrs. Poodle had just come and she dashed across the field shouting, "Cousin Tom, Cousin Tom! Oh, bring the ambulance! Oh, where is a doctor? Oh, get the fire department! Oh, dates and daisies! Oh, hollyhocks and honeysuckles!"

Poor Tom. The animals pulled the seesaw out and helped him up, and brushed him off, and pushed the dent out of his red derby, and gave him pink lemonade. Then he

felt better again, and said it was really all right!

When he was all right again, the bear brothers came up and said, "We know what will make you feel better, Cousin Tom."

"What will make me feel better, little bear brothers?" asked the cat fellow.

"A good high swing!" shouted the bears, "and we will push you. Come on!"

Well, Cousin Tom wanted to be kind, so he said he would swing.

The swing was two pieces of clothesline tied to a tree limb, with a nice thick newspaper for a

seat. Cousin Tom sat down and the bear boys began to push him.

Up went the bachelor cat, and down and back, up and down and back—so high that the bear boys could not reach him. Swoosh went the wind. It was so much fun that Cousin Tom's purring machine started all by itself. How happy he was!

Up and down and back, down and up and back, and down and up. "This is the highest yet," thought Cousin Tom. Up and up! but not down! The poor bachelor cat was in more trouble! The knots holding the clothesline to

the tree had become untied, and there was nothing to keep Cousin Tom from going up and up.

All the people in the new playground looked up at Cousin Tom flying through the air with the swing ropes stretched out behind. Finally he was so far away that no one could see him, and Mrs. Poodle cried, "Come back here! come back, Cousin Tom!"

With all his heart Cousin Tom wanted nothing better than to come back, but he couldn't. He was still going up.

(Next month you'll find out how Cousin Tom got down.)

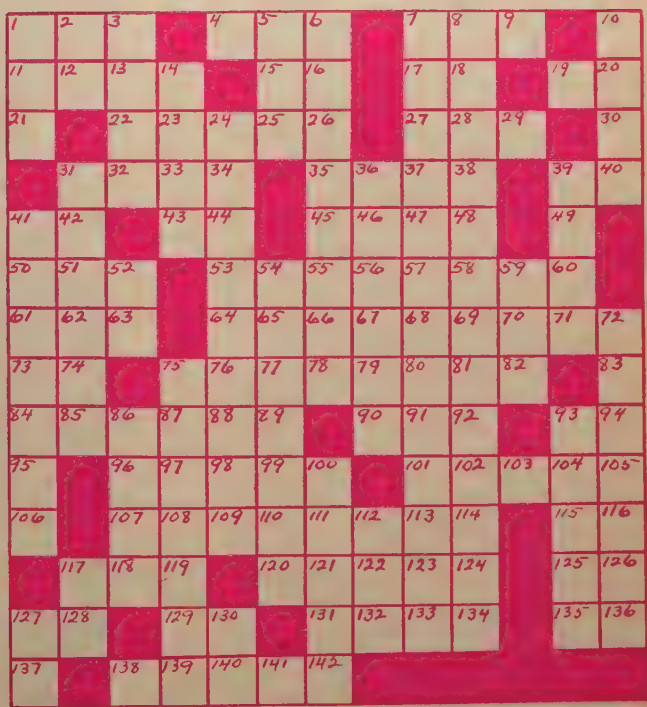
Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A. The capital of Montana-----
124 98 118 56 73 80
- B. A vessel used for boiling liquids -----
38 88 71 85 101 66
- C. The woman who betrayed Samson -----
26 87 35 49 33 93 62
- D. Animal from which we get ivory -----
6 14 54 40 5 27 18 44
- E. Places of worship -----
82 96 57 132 68 84 70
- F. The lowest part of anything -----
83 115 128 48 133 50
- G. Not anything at all -----
42 76 111 126 102 79 90
- H. Riches, or fortunes -----
86 114 110 23 61 136
- I. Not level or even -----
131 105 78 103 64 28
- J. Willing to obey, dutiful -----
8 15 59 3 43 63 2 45
- K. Very careful about details; exact -----
4 11 36 60 24 39 74 46
- L. Place where Christ performed his first miracle -----
107 139 134 127
- M. A man who has not been married -----
7 47 22 142 16 13 37 53
- N. Rash or heedless; not cautious -----
112 81 9 12 67 100
- O. Sudden or violent fear -----
116 99 17 106 20 19
- P. Wickedness, or mischief -----
29 137 65 30 34 135 140 52
- Q. Rests on the surface of the water -----
120 119 91 1 125 10



(Solution on page 47.)

- R. The person who has been hurt or injured -----
77 32 75 141 72 55
- S. Married women -----
31 104 97 122 123
- T. Grizzlies -----
58 138 69 113 130
- U. A son of Jacob, also a tribe of Israel -----
95 117 94
- V. To take the load from; to unburden -----
25 89 121 41 51 92
- W. One of the Great Lakes --
21 108 129 109

"Mo-o-other-r, what can we do now?" As the plaintive voice of eight-year-old Tommy floated up to her from the foot of the stairs Mrs. Parsons drew in her breath sharply.

"No! Not that already," she muttered to herself. Why, it was only last week that the children's eagerly awaited summer vacation from school had begun and here was one of them already at a loss for something to do.

Mrs. Parsons sighed heavily as she saw her plans for a busy and fruitful summer melt away. In their place loomed up a picture of harried hours spent in scheming up "busy work" to keep her brood occupied and out of mischief during the long hot days ahead. Frantically her mind began probing around in the cobwebby corners of her memory searching for some long-forgot project that might be used to fill up their empty days. "If there were just something, anything—"

"Brrrrrr," screamed the door buzzer and Mrs. Parsons hurried to answer it, glad for any interruption that might postpone the inevitable hour of decision.

"Why, Martha, come right in!" She smiled at her friend as she seated her in the living room, giving no sign of the turmoil still boiling in the back of her mind.

"I won't keep you long, Agnes," the visitor began. "I know you have lots to do this morning but I did want you to know about our plans for a vacation school at the church this year. You will let your children attend, won't you?"

Would she? Agnes Parson's whirling brain leaped at this unexpected offer like that of a condemned criminal suddenly pardoned. But the delightful pictures of carefree days to come, which began to flit through her head, blacked out suddenly at Martha Mason's next words.

"Of course, we'll need help from a lot of mothers to make the school a success and I'm sure, with your teaching experience in the Sunday church school, you'll be able to give us a lot of valuable assistance."

Mrs. Parsons groaned inwardly. Of course, it had been too good to

be true, this unexpected solution to her ever recurring summer problem. Frantically her mind began groping for an excuse by which to avoid being drawn into this plan of her friend's. "If I must put in my whole summer entertaining young ones," she grum-

bled inwardly, "I can at least stay at home where there are only my own three to cope with."

But Martha was rattling on enthusiastically. "The Vacation Church School movement is celebrating its golden anniversary this year and churches everywhere are

the answer to



—Religious News Service

THE SUMMER PROBLEM

*Vacation church schools can solve
the problem of children's un-
directed energy and time during the
summer. On the opposite
page, students and visitors are shown
with an exhibit created by va-
cation church school students.*

planning to make their schools the best ever in honor of this fifty-year jubilee. Did you have any idea this thing had been going on that long?"

"As if I cared," the hostess was murmuring to herself when her visitor's next words arrested her attention.

"It was the brain child of a layman, too," she was saying. "Going about the streets of New York City's crowded east side a Baptist missionary executive, Robert Boville, was horrified at the spectacle of dozens of idle children with no place to go and no one to direct their boundless energies. That was way back in 1901, but summer still presents the same problem."

"'You're telling me,' as my daughter says," Mrs. Parsons laughed. "That's exactly the problem that had me up a tree when you came in this morning. What did Mr. Boville do about it?"

"He made his first experiment with what later came to be known as the vacation church school that very summer and succeeded in reaching 500 boys and girls and in enlisting the cooperation of five communions. Of course," Martha continued, "many obstacles had to be overcome and much devoted service given before that first vacation school project could grow into the present one. Now it reaches nearly 6,000,000 children in cities and hamlets all over this country."

"That sounds like a lot of youngsters," Agnes put in. "Still, I'd think mothers would be so glad to have a place in which to keep their offspring out of mischief in the summer that there'd be twice that many."

"Ah, that's where we come in, Agnes," Martha's eyes twinkled but there was a worried frown on her forehead as she continued, "Many a woman would be delighted to 'dump' her children at a vacation church school every day in the week all summer long and

she wouldn't even care much what they did while they were there so long as they were out from under her skirts. But just ask her to give a few hours of her valuable time to making the school tick and her enthusiasm would cool immediately."

Agnes Parson's eyes dropped before her friend's steady gaze. "But what would I gain after all," she mumbled to her guilty conscience, "if I had to go to training classes, spend hours preparing materials and then exhaust myself every morning for two weeks or longer, trying to keep my neighbors' kids out of each other's hair?"

"Of course, it's a lot of work and often you wonder if it's worth all the trouble." Martha sounded apologetic and Agnes wondered petulantly if this disarming friend was clairvoyant to see through her so easily.

But Mrs. Mason was going on, enthusiasm returning to her voice by leaps and bounds. "It is worth it though. You know that, Agnes, from your own experience with Sunday church school teaching. Only vacation teaching is ten times more rewarding."

"Ten times?" Mrs. Parsons was sparring for time.

"Of course. For a good many reasons. First of all the teacher has in vacation church school the opportunity she has always lacked in Sunday teaching—a chance to present religious lessons as the public school has always had to present secular lessons—consecutively, day after day, with no week's span in between to break the continuity."

By ALINE ABRAMS

The Rabbit

(From page 9.)

"That would be a big help," Agnes agreed grudgingly. Remembering harried half-hour teaching periods of countless Sunday mornings she added, "I guess you have more time, too, in vacation church school to do the extra things that make the materials really interesting to the pupils."

"Oh my, yes!" Martha agreed enthusiastically, "And you have no idea how eagerly the children enter into the creative activities this added time affords."

"Oh, you mean the extra time is used for busy work as a sort of sugar-coating for the pills of religious teaching?" Disappointment was in her tone as her growing interest wavered before the memory of Tommy's plaintive, "What can we do now?" If this vacation church school was going to be just the same old "rat race" of keeping one jump ahead of the children while they made something simply to keep their hands out of mischief she wanted none of it.

"It was something like that in the early days of vacation church schools," Martha answered, smiling. "Teachers supervised the making of hundreds of leather purses, miles of colored pictures and endless notebooks filled with Bible pictures and verses of scriptures. Religious truths were reserved for oral recitation in assembly periods. Like every other worth-while thing," Mrs. Mason continued, "the vacation church school had to go through painful years of growth by way of trial and error. It wasn't long, though, before teachers found that the Golden Rule copied neatly in a notebook didn't teach Jim not to punch Jack in the nose as soon as class was dismissed."

But Agnes still did not have the answer to her perennial problem. "Now that vacation church schools have had a half century of this kind of experimenting," she asked, "how do they pour the summertime energies of their rollicking pupils into worth-while molds?"

"Learning by doing" is a phrase used so much in recent years by educators that it has become almost hackneyed," Martha answered, "but in it lies the secret

(Continued on page 40.)

Betsy looked out across the garden into the clear spring sky. Leaf buds of elm and maple, sticky and red, were traced against it, with the promise of life in them. *I must help him with this*, her heart told her, and she turned to him, not knowing how to communicate with him, but *willing* to do so.

"Yes, Jock—it is—something like the rabbit. The stillness is the same. Creatures that die don't live with their bodies any more; I told you that. They must be buried. They can't see, or move, or feel. You understand that they can't feel it, don't you? Nobody knows very much about death, but dead means not living, as we know about living—it's like you put out a light, something's gone. . . ." She

When men speak ill of thee, live

so that nobody will believe

them.

Plato

stopped, knowing that what she was saying meant nothing, but hoping it would be enough for now.

But Jock was not through with her. His real question was yet to be asked. "Is daddy like the rabbit?" he said.

There it was, the terrible question she knew she had been waiting for. Now that it had been asked she knew that she had feared this moment for a long time, and that in her fear she had given her son no fortification against the fact of death. Daddy dead in his plane's crash. The rabbit done to death in the garden. *What was the difference?* he was asking her. She looked at her child and felt his terrible need.

She stood for a long moment, struggling to find the words, the way to give him of what she knew of truth and what she felt of hope. Then within her the need to share her unwisdom with her child grew and pressed for release.

"No," she said so loudly they both were startled. "No, Jock. Daddy is dead—his body is gone from us, but his light did not go

out. I don't understand about death, Jock, so I can't explain it to you very well. But I know daddy is here, with us, in so many ways. I know it when I look at you and see the way your cowlick grows, just like his, and when I look at that picture of him on your desk, so proud beside his plane, and when I see gramp trying to keep the farm just like daddy dreamed it might be. . . ."

They looked deeply at one another. Then Betsy sat down on the spring grass and hugged Jock to her, and the tears poured down her face, scalding and salt, and mingled with his tears.

Each wept for his own sorrow. Neither had words of comfort for the other. Death is a separate thing, and bereavement is a private pain. But far below the level of words they shared something and were strengthened by it.

Suddenly Betsy understood something about her child that seemed to her one of the most stunning and important things she had ever understood or discovered. It wasn't the fact of death he feared, but that his knowledge of death must somehow be shared. Death of a rabbit was something too big to be left alone with.

And she understood something about being a mother, too. You didn't have to know all the answers and have all the right words. Words were the least of it. You just had to be willing to listen and feel, to perceive what your child was feeling.

"Jock," she said earnestly, "I don't know about lots of things, but I want to be a good mother to you. Promise me you'll always talk with me about things you need terribly to know. I'll try to help you."

"All right," said Jock soberly, not understanding, but sensing the urgency of her feeling.

She wiped his face and her own and pulled them both up from the grass. Then she held out her hand to him, and they started up the hill to the house. "Gramp will be coming in for supper," she said.

All the way to the house his hand lay warm and relaxed in hers.

By LEO L. PSYHER

TODAY, YOUNG couples seem to think marriage consists only of falling in love, obtaining a license complying with other state laws, and seeking the nearest minister, or official, in whom the state has vested the power to quickly tie the knot. It is difficult to understand how two persons can think of uniting themselves for life when neither the boy nor the girl is employed, not knowing where their first meal will come from, but it is often done. Not many things can be accomplished without money being a prime factor, and marriage is no exception. Just how much money does it take to get married today?

The responsibility of finance falls on the shoulders of the man. This demands that he have a steady job, even though it may not be in the field he desires or the one for which he is best suited. He should know from his own experience how to live within his income. This includes some regular system of savings. If only a dollar each week is saved from a small salary it shows the ability to manage one's income.

The wife's responsibility may be to distribute the family income so that a set amount from each pay check is allocated for various items such as rent or the purchase of a house, food, clothing, church offering, recreation and savings. It may be necessary to do without many things both the husband and wife had before their marriage. The young people's expenditures cannot be based on their individual budgets before marriage but on the husband's income. This may mean that the wife will not buy a complete new spring outfit each year and the husband will not purchase every new tool he needs or desires for his home workshop. With careful planning, expenses can be cut from the kitchen to the

*Just how much money does it take today
to get married? How can we obtain
financial security? The couple planning
marriage seeks the answers to these
questions.*



—Harold M. Lambert

HOW MUCH *does it take?*

cellar if both will concentrate on economizing in the buying of groceries, the choice in clothing, and keeping a close watch on other expenses.

Turning out lights, saving a shovelful of coal, doing the family laundry, being watchful of the cooking fuel, and being ever alert for extra expense due to indifferent and careless housekeeping may lack glamor, but these small economies free money for savings or use in fulfilling a special desire of the family.

The question often arises as to whether or not the wife shall work. This question has to be answered in the light of each particular couple. In the early years of marriage, the wife may work and share the burden of household expenses without causing complications. But after the first child is born, it may be best for the wife to forget about outside employment and devote her energies to the rearing of the child and caring for the home. Some couples have tried hiring a nurse to care for the child, but this is not advisable for two reasons. First, the nurse's salary cuts deeply into the earnings of the wife, thus thwarting her purpose in working. Second, a child needs its mother and a mother needs the child. She should remain in the home and the husband should endeavor to increase his income. If the wife's income was used to help buy the furniture and other expensive items rather than for groceries or a higher standard of living it will not be missed so much when it stops.

Should the parents of the couple be expected to help them get started by offering financial assistance? This is a question that comes up quite often. Of course we all like financial aid at any time in life, but it is not always the best thing. Well-meaning parents can sometimes cause a great amount of trouble by offering large sums of money to the newlyweds. Such is the case when the parents of one may be well off while the parents of the other have limited funds. In a case of this kind, the couple would be wise to politely

refuse the gift of money and courageously make their own way, if accepting it might cause a rift between the in-laws.

If the parents of both the boy and the girl are financially able to help the couple, it is all right to accept, provided the gift from each is equal, and they do not depend on paternalism. A couple about to be married should plan financial security for the years ahead. There are seven important factors to financial security that each couple should put into practice immediately:

1. Plan to spend less than you earn—figure on a minimum income and maximum expense.

It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another to wish sincerely to be on the side of truth.

Archbishop Whateley

2. Set down fixed expenses.
3. Buy wisely and spend intelligently; know values, pay cash, buy in quantity whenever possible.
4. Choose between temporary and permanent pleasure when buying.
5. Put money aside for emergencies.
6. In planning your spending, give thought to the future as well as to the present and have a definite savings program.
7. Make budgeting a game—not a chore.

By mastering the above plan a couple need not worry about old age. But if they are not to worry they must think about the coming years while they are still young. There are many ways in which to build financial security. At the banks there are various club accounts which enable one to save for Christmas, vacation, an education program and other things. Invest-

ments can be made in savings bonds guaranteed by the government.

In most financial plans, life insurance closely follows or may precede the opening of a savings account. The main purpose of life insurance is to provide protection for dependents in the event of death of the wage earner. Term insurance policies are the cheapest form of insurance one can carry. They are intended for a short time only and are usually taken out to cover a temporary need, such as the unpaid balance of a mortgage or loan or the education of children. Then there are retirement-income and family-income, or other policies for special purposes.

Today the future is reasonably bright for a couple about to embark on the road to matrimony. Wages are better than ever before although living costs are higher, but there is no reason why a couple with a little courage and the will to avoid the evils of credit buying should not make a success of their marriage.

All of the foregoing will be so much print wasted if a couple does not have what has been proved the mainstay of a happy, contented and successful marriage—a close affiliation with the church of their choice, preferably both being active members of the same church. Statistics show us that there are far fewer divorcees among church members than there are among those outside the church.

If a couple has not been fortunate enough to have had Christian training in their respective homes, then they should endeavor to associate themselves with the Church immediately. The tie between the Church and the home is one that is not easily broken and it is a tie that not only helps to build friendship and goodwill, but offers the spiritual backing that is the support of our lives from the moment of birth until death.

A sound financial program will help the newlyweds build a successful marriage not to be broken by worry, discontent and money troubles.

How much does it take? A lot of courage, careful planning, and the ability to work together.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Devotional Helps for Family Worship"

Before the discussion period is held the leader should request that all who will be in attendance read the article, "Devotional Helps for Family Worship."

I. What are the benefits of worship?

1. It gives us an outlet for our joy and gratitude.
2. It gives us comfort in time of sorrow.
3. It gives us courage to be Christian in action.
4. It deepens our faith.
5. It enlarges our vision of Christian living.
6. It increases our awareness of God.

II. What are the values of family worship?

1. It gives an opportunity for the expression and learning of Christian attitudes.
2. It helps to crystallize Christian action.
3. It gives a background for discussions of family problems from a co-operative point of view.
4. It gives an opportunity for learning to pray.
5. It gives an opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of the content and use of the Bible.

III. How often should there be family worship?

1. On special occasions such as birthdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and on Easter.
2. At regular periods determined by individual family schedules.

IV. Hour of worship period should be determined by each family.

1. A morning hour gives a good start to the day, giving each member a feeling of God's presence for the whole day.
2. An evening hour can be a summing up of the day, and an inspiration for the day to follow.

V. If the family cannot have frequent family worship, what can be substituted?

1. A worship center at which individuals may hold private devotion during the day.

Materials for such a center:

(a) Bible, (b) *The Secret Place*, (c) *Hearthstone*, (d) Hymnal, (e) Other devotional material.

VI. What could the Family worship period contain?

1. Reading from the Bible or a Bible story book or both.

2. A meditation from *The Secret Place* or other devotional books.

3. Discussion of meditation or Bible story or Bible passage.

4. Memorization of Bible verses.

5. Prayer—encourage each member's expressing his own thoughts in prayer.

6. Poetry.

7. Use of several versions of the Bible and a comparison of the various wordings and the different insights they give.

8. Singing and learning of hymns.

VII. Who plans the worship period?

1. When children are small the parents will usually plan it but the children's suggestions and requests can be used.

2. The daily period may follow more or less a routine, but avoid monotony by adding new material now and then. Use many different hymns and frequently learn a new one. It is good to

1. The materials should be within the understanding and the range of interest of the children.

2. Usually what the children find helpful and enjoyable will help and interest the parents.

3. When children are of a close age range it is fairly easy to keep the interest of all.

4. When there is a wide age range the materials should be geared toward the youngest. The older children will often find such material helpful and in the spirit of co-operation will tolerate it for the sake of the youngest.

XI. Additional material for family worship periods.

1. *Hearthstone*—pages on family worship for prayers and poems.

2. Sunday school lesson leaflets.

3. The family might like to make a scrapbook of prayers, poems, and songs, using materials from *The Secret Place*, *Hearthstone*, *Story Land*, *Junior World* and the Sunday School leaflets.

4. Below is a bibliography of materials.

Conclusion:
Worship can be for the family what a battery is for a flashlight, a source of power. This power can motivate the actions of each member of the family throughout the day so he may think and act in Christian ways. Family worship is also "the tie that binds." The family that worships together stays together.

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Bible Story Books for Older Children

Ergemeir. *Bible Story Book*.

Sherman and Kent. *Children's Bible*.

Books of Prayers or Songs

Hawkins, Quail. *Prayers and Graces for Small Children*.

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Devotional Books for Primary and Junior Age Children

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For Christmas Planning

Bethany Press *Christmas in the Home*.

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books on crafts secured from the library. A gift for mother or a springtime gift for a friend might be made.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries.

learn new songs for Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter.

3. The children will especially enjoy planning the worship services for special occasions. They may like to plan also a worship center of flowers, pictures, and candles on these days.

VIII. How to select material suited to all ages.

By MARGARET H. STARN

take children

THE JUNIOR high principal of our little town phoned me about the children's concert to be given by a visiting orchestra. His wife, a friend of mine, had told him I was disappointed that adults would be excluded from the children's afternoon program, except as chaperones. It looked as if I must wait until evening when only adult music would be played.

"Can you look out for eight or ten seventh graders?" the principal asked me. "We're a little short of teachers who can be spared."

I asked for a fifteen-minute session with them before the concert, to prepare them for best enjoyment. From yesterday's newspaper I found the program and began my notes on what to alert them to watch and listen for. In the same way I prepare our own children for concerts, as he knew. This is no more than any interested parent can do. The reward is better enjoyment for himself quite as much as increasing the child's pleasure and satisfaction from the music.

Several books on music live in one corner of our bookcases. A little extra time to prepare allows me to consult books at the library, but this concert was to have no pieces so unusual that my books wouldn't include them. I made notes of the things I wanted to tell them, then typed three copies, so they could be passed around as reminders of what would be interesting to watch for in the next piece.

For our five children I sometimes play a phonograph record. Everyone has a head start in liking something he has heard before. To hear even a little of what is coming makes us like it better. When we own a recording or piano music of even one melody from a movement of one concert number, we try to play parts of it and familiarize ourselves in advance with the theme. From a couple of books about composers, I jot down a few facts about the man who wrote the music we're going to hear.

The visiting St. Louis symphony was to play pieces especially in the spirit of childhood, or which would illustrate stories dear to them. They would open with the *Overture to Oberon*, by Carl von Weber.

"Weber, the man who composed this first piece, the *Overture*," I told my group of seventh graders, "was born into a family of strolling players about a century and a half ago. As soon as his baby fingers could handle a violin and a piano, he was put at them. He grew up to compose and to direct orchestras. *Oberon* was one of his three fairy operas.

"Now an overture," I went on, "prepares you for what is to come, gives you a quick preview. French horns will give the hunting call and then play a

hymn-like tune which ushers us into a woodland. Then the music seems oriental to suggest a fairyland or an unreal dream world."

"What do you mean by music seeming oriental?" asked Peggy, the lively one in the group.

"Music with a five-note scale," I told her. "They use the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth notes of our octave. So, if we compose a section without the first, second, and fifth notes, we can usually make our music sound oriental."

"Well, to get back to *Oberon*, the horns begin the music in this fairyland part, without accompaniment, and they are echoed by muted stringed instruments."

"What is *muted*?" was the next question.

So we stopped to explain that a mute is a little silencer put on the bridge of violins and other strings played with a long bow, and the children might watch to see the swift, quiet, skillful fingers of the players putting their mutes in place and going right on with the music.

"Next follow the flutes, bassoons, oboes and clarinets. If you are in doubt about some instrument names, here's a book with pictures of them all. I'll pass it around for each of you to see, and we'll take it right to the concert in case you want another quiet look after the players come on the stage and are tuning."

The next number on the program, a popular one for children's concerts, was the *Nutcracker Suite* by Tchaikowsky. Many stories are told to fit this music so I selected the one I'd most enjoy sharing with them.

"Tchaikowsky, who wrote the next number, was born in Russia a little over a hundred years ago. By the time he was eight he was playing piano. He has been one of the greatest of Russian composers. This Suite is ballet or dance music about two children, Marie and Fritz, eager for Christmas. Their godfather's special gift is a puppet doll with jaws shaped like a nutcracker. Fritz puts a nut in the doll's mouth and tries to crack it, but breaks the doll's jaw. Marie grieves and lays the puppet in her best doll's bed. In her dreams that night he comes to life, walks, talks, and takes her on many adventures. Each selection is a musical picture of toys and dolls dancing. Can you think of dances you've heard of that might be in this suite, some of you who have had music lessons?" I asked.

Mary, the quiet one, volunteered, "The Swan?"

And Nancy added, "Maybe it has in it the 'Golliwog's Cake Walk.'"

"No, Mary's 'Swan' is from the *Carnival of the*

ONCERTS

Animals, and Nancy's Cake Walk from *The Children's Corner* by Debussy."

"I know now," said Mary, "my piano teacher gave me an easy edition of the *Nutcracker Suite* and it had a 'Russian Dance,' a 'Spanish Dance,' and a 'Chinese Dance.'"

"Right," I told her, "except you meant *Arab* for *Spanish*."

"The orchestra today will not be playing the over-

(Continued on page 47.)

By HELEN S. NEAL

—Samuel Myslís



Before your chil-
dren go to a
concert take time
to prepare them
for best enjoy-
ment. You will
find deeper ap-
preciation, not
only for them,
but for your-
self too

Marriage Is a Partnership

(From page 4.)

is lived in that rare, rich quality of mutual understanding which is the most beautiful thing ever to be known.

This is the meaning of joining the church together, becoming members of Christ together. Again and again I have talked to couples, asking them to share their church life together, to be good members in their church and to be regular attendants in the church they join, to sit together and to take communion together, and to make of their relationship in Christ's church the sign and seal upon their partnership in Christian love. That is one of the privileges the church offers to people that they may have the opportunity of being partners in Christian service. When God made our human race he made our forefathers, Adam and Eve, as partners and he set them in that sweet relationship in the Garden of Eden. We recover that ancient heaven on earth when we are partners in Christian life.

We have supped the cup of sorrow
You and I.
We have waited a tomorrow
You and I.
We have watched beside a bed
Bending o'er a little head

Crushed beneath the weight of dread
You and I.

We have owned our helplessness
You and I.
We have sought God in distress
You and I.
We have shed a common tear
When no other help was near
Prayed together in our fear
You and I.

Shall we break the ties that bind us
You and I,
Shall we put those days behind us
You and I,
God has wed with grief and pain
Shall we prove that union vain?
Shall we go our ways again
You and I?

God hath joined us through the years
You and I.
Given joy as well as tears
You and I.
Life is full when we're together
We've no fear of any weather
Cares are light as any feather—
You and I.

Work together, play together, pray together: that is the perfect **B**
formula for a happy marriage.

Enjoy each day with each other. Yesterday is past, tomorrow never **y**
comes. You are living in the NOW.

Don't try to keep up with the Joneses. Living within your means **K**
spells peace of mind.

Do make friendships a joint project. Sharing a genuine interest in **A**
others brings richer living and grace to the home. **T**

Enter into each other's work, hobbies and ambitions just as much as **H**
you did in courtship days. **L**

Dare to stay yourself. Marriage may have made you two one, but you **E**
are still an individual, put here by God to do your special job in **E**
His world. **N**

Be fun to live with. Learn to laugh **AT** yourself and laugh with others. **N**

Live by yourselves, if possible, and avoid "in-law trouble." **B**

I am responsible for one particular thing: to think right, speak right, **L**
do right," tell yourself. **A**

Start the day with a smile on your face and soon there'll be a smile in **K**
your heart to match it. And, finally— **E**

Say goodnight lovingly, and your day will never end on a quarrel.
All this spells "Wedded Bliss"—and a heaven on earth!

honoring

RAGGEDY ANN

and

RAGGEDY ANDY

ALMOST EVERY home boasts a Raggedy Ann or a Raggedy Andy because youngsters adore homely rag dolls. There's no question about a party based upon these characters being a success!

Cards or letter paper flaunting these designs with Raggedy Ann decoration for the girls and Raggedy Andy designs for the boys are perfect for invitations that might read:

Every Raggedy Andy
And every Raggedy Ann
Is meeting here for supper
So join us if you can.

If you come as Raggedy Ann
Or else as Raggedy Andy
We all will look alike
And 'twill make the party
dandy!

5 P.M. Friday Patty and Buzzie

You'll find that when the appointed time comes, your living room or lawn will be swarming with surprisingly realistic-looking rag dolls—some with crepe paper dresses and hair . . . others with odds and ends of clothing of the colors and styles that make the children look like their beloved rag dolls. When all have assembled, the children may vote on the most realistic costume, if they wish. The child wearing this will be the happy recipient of a Raggedy Ann, or Andy, book.

There'll be just about enough time before supper is served to stage a Raggedy Race. For this, a live Raggedy Ann and a Raggedy Andy stand with toes on the mark and at a signal race to a given point. Instead of racing like children however, they must race as rag dolls. This is very amusing because in trying to run in a limp, flopping manner, their

speed is affected and they have all sorts of difficulties when they try to get up speed and still run rag-doll fashion. The leader keeps a record of the winner's time and after every child has had a chance, gives a Raggedy Ann decorated object as a prize.

Serve supper at a large table with a centerpiece made up of several Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls, sitting in a circle with their backs

*Have a party based on
these beloved rag dolls.
The small fry will love it.*

against a round hat box covered with white paper and topped with a stand-up Raggedy of cardboard. Red and blue ribbons extending from inside the box to each child's place will pique childish curiosity, but aren't pulled until after supper. There are so many party addments with Raggedy motifs that your budget will determine just how far you will go along that line. No matter what they are, the menu



By LOUISE PRICE BELL

can carry out the idea perfectly with Raggedy Ann salad, creamed potatoes, milk, ice cream and cake. The salad will bring forth many exclamations, yet is easily made. The body is a tomato-half (cut side down) with buttons and collar of whipped cream, skirt of frilly lettuce, with the stem end at the waist, two small pickles as feet, and short celery stalks with leaves at the ends for arms and hands. The face is a hard-cooked egg, cut in half with the flat side down, eyes and nose are pickle bits and mouth, a pimiento strip. Long strands of finely shredded carrot make beautiful hair, which looks similar to the windblown mass of the salad's namesake. The ruffled lettuce skirt will cover a salmon or tunafish salad, which not only tastes good but gives the skirt a full natural look.

After supper each child in turn will pull the ribbons leading to the Raggedy-guarded box. The tiny gifts on the ends of the ribbon will be dime store ones such as all youngsters enjoy getting; all should be wrapped in Raggedy-decorated paper.

UNLESS THE children are too young to play it, this game, which is built around story-book characters familiar to all of them may be played while waiting for the parents to call for their Raggedy Anns and Andys. Have youngsters stand in a circle and ask the questions in order. If a player can't answer, he must sit down, and when only one child is remaining, he is the winner and given a Raggedy-decorated purse.

1. What famous knave was a thief?
2. Who grew larger after eating cake?
3. Who never wanted to grow up?
4. What were Peter Rabbit's brothers names?
5. Who grew the tallest beanstalk?
6. Who fell asleep "on the job"?
7. What couldn't Mrs. Spratt eat?
8. What animal leaped over the moon?

9. Who sang for his food?
10. What did Tytyl and Mytyl seek?
11. Who sat on a tuffet?
12. What story-book animal played a fiddle?
13. Who had very large teeth?
14. What children had a blanket of leaves?
15. In what story did a cookie run?
16. What little girl put the kettle on?
17. Why one took it off?
18. Why was Mother Hubbard's dog hungry?
19. Who lived in a brick home?
20. Which child loved porridge?

ANSWERS

1. Knave of Hearts.
2. Alice in Wonderland
3. Peter Pan
4. Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail
5. Jack in "Jack in the Beanstalk"
6. Little Boy Blue
7. No lean ("His wife could eat no lean")
8. Cow
9. Tommy Tucker
10. Bluebird
11. Miss Muffet
12. Cat
13. The Wolf in Red Riding Hood.
14. Babes in the Woods
15. Gingerbread Man
16. Polly
17. Sukie
18. Because her cupboard was bare
19. Third Little Pig.
20. Goldilocks

The Right Answer to the Summer Problem

(From page 32.)

of success of the vacation church school. Stories of Jesus come alive for eight-year-olds when they begin to make model houses like those

built in Palestine in his day, create costumes of his time to wear themselves and end up by actually playing games like children enjoyed long ago. From there it's an easy step into an appreciation of truth which the Master taught for men to live by."

"You mean, then," Mrs. Parsons began slowly, "that in the program of the present vacation church school all this activity of the children is no longer just busy work—that through it Jim *does* learn that the Golden Rule means for him to refrain from punching Jack in the nose?"

Martha laughed. "Being a normal boy, I wouldn't say that Jim's two weeks in vacation church school would deter him from punching Jack in the nose for ever after. I would say that it would give him a much deeper understanding of how the Golden Rule should apply in the daily lives of men, and little boys, too, than merely memorizing it to recite in assembly could ever do."

So here it was at last—the answer to Agnes Parsons' annual summer stumper! Fifty years of growth through the tireless labor of hundreds of volunteer workers; most of them homemakers and mothers like herself, had come to fruition in the vacation church school of 1951.

"I'm afraid I've let my enthusiasm run away with me," Martha rose, apologetically. "But you *will* consider helping in the school this year, won't you? There's to be a laboratory training school in one of the other churches in town. That's one of the best things about the vacation church school—from the very first it has cut across all lines of barrier—denominational, cultural, social, racial. You won't have to worry about what to do with your children while you're attending the lab school either," she laughed. "We always use our own offspring for our guinea pigs!"

Would Agnes Parsons go! What a small return to make for the *right* answer at last to the oft-repeated summer plea, "Mo-o-ther-r, what can we do now?"

What the Churches Are Doing in

Family Life

Christian Family Week, May 6-13, is an opportunity for the home. Families can share in special features in their church and the community. But perhaps more significant will be the observance of Family Week within homes. Home influences create the foundation of character, morality and religious faith.

Family Week is an opportunity for families to reemphasize those relationships that are fundamental to strong family life. The following daily schedule for the home is suggested:

SUNDAY: *The Family Worships Together.*

Attend church as a family. (For daily devotions during the week use *The Secret Place*.)

MONDAY: *The Family Talks Together.*

Plan a few moments during the day when each member of the family will tell of the things he likes and appreciates.

TUESDAY: *The Family Reads the Bible.*

Have each member of the family read from the Bible some passage of his choice.

WEDNESDAY: *The Family Shows Appreciation for Others.*

Show gratitude to the newsboy, The milkman, the cleaning woman, or others who serve your home.

THURSDAY: *The Family Prays Together.*

Arrange a time during the day when the entire family can be together in prayer with different members taking part.

FRIDAY: *The Family Shares Together.*

Help some welfare agency in the community, or show some kindness to the underprivileged, the elderly, or those with physical handicaps.

SATURDAY: *The Family Visits Together.*

Visit a neighbor family who does not go to any church. Invite them to your church and take them with you.

SUNDAY: *The Family Enjoys Home Together.*

Have a brief ceremony of recognition at home for mother with an appropriate gift.

A Family-Centered Church Program

An approach to a family-centered church program was initiated some months ago by one of the churches in Jackson, Michigan. As reported by the minister of this church, "Something happens to the members when a local church accepts as its goal a 'family-centered emphasis.'" A new vigor and a sense of mission are felt. The home takes on a down-to-earth realism when parents and other church leaders set out in earnest to make the church really family-centered. They come to realize that the family circle provides a better opportunity than even the church for inculcating Christian beliefs that relate to all of life. The Jackson church came to consider the needs of parents and families first, which led in some instances to breaking with the customary program.

Following the above principles, this church shifted its Sunday afternoon and evening youth meetings to Thursday evenings so that all family members could spend hours together



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

on the only day that Dad is home. This, we are informed, has increased rather than lowered the attendance at the youth meetings. Moreover, we are warned, that this does not diminish the responsibility for church leaders, but rather increases it in order to guide families so that their time together may be used constructively. Churches really wishing to enrich family life in the homes of their congregation must do more than preach about it and discuss it. They must frankly face their present program and encourage parents to make suggestions about its improvement. Three steps of procedure might be suggested in planning a family-centered church program:

1. Find out what helps your own communion has to offer in developing the church program to stress family-centered activities.¹

2. Discover what the implications of your present program are for family life. Compile a list of all of the activities of your church where families as such are involved.

3. Enlist the participation of parents themselves. The church will seek in all its planning to cooperate with homes.

Mothers for an Hour

Teachers in the Nursery Department are substitute parents to the child for the time he spends in the department each Sunday morning. One of the churches in Guymon, Oklahoma, has designated these teachers "Mothers for an Hour." They recognize the importance of the role they play in helping the little child make his first adjustment outside the family group. These "Mothers for an Hour" are aware of the importance of knowing each child's home and parents so as to work better with these children. Meeting the religious needs of

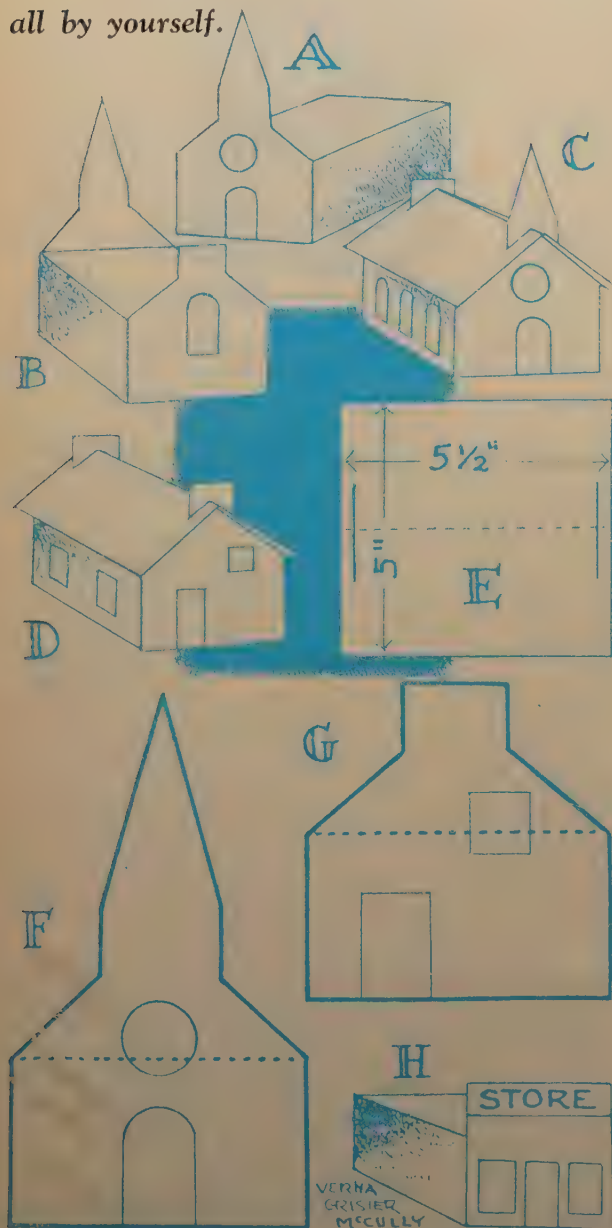
(Continued on page 47.)

¹Write your Director of Family Life. See inside of front cover.

MATCH BOX

village

*This is fun to make and
play with or give as
a present. You can
build a little town
all by yourself.*



YOU CAN make a whole village with empty match boxes. The village is fun to play with. It is a very nice present, too, to give to children in a home or hospital. You can use it at Sunday school too, to show your own town or neighborhood, and where you go to church.

Use kitchen match boxes. You also need thin cardboard or heavy wrapping paper or construction paper. If it is not the right color you can change it with crayon or paint.

To make a church or a house, you can leave the sliding lid on the match box, or you can take it off. For a church, cut two ends of cardboard or heavy paper. The front is like figure F, with a steeple. The back is like figure G, with a chimney.

To draw the ends, put the end of a match box down on paper. Draw around it. This makes a shape two and one-half inches long and one and one-half or one and three-quarters inches wide. See the dotted lines of figures F and G. Some match boxes are higher than others, so you must draw around each one, to have the right size.

On top of the shape you have drawn, draw a steeple like that of figure F. Draw a window and a door. Then draw around the box end again. Add a chimney like figure G. For a church, draw a window like that in figure B.

If you color the ends of your church or house, do so before you paste them on. Then paste on the steeple end, as in figure A. Next paste on the back part, as in figure B.

The roof is a piece of thin cardboard or heavy paper. Cut it five inches by five and one-half inches. Fold it down the center. See the dotted lines on figure E. Cut a slot in each end, across the fold. Make each slot three-eighths of an inch from the edge. Make the slots just long enough to fit over the steeple and the chimney.

Slip the slots over the steeple and the chimney and you will have a roof like that of figure C. If you wish you can paste paper along the sides of the church. Draw windows and color them. Make them bright colors, like stained glass.

To make a house, draw and cut two cardboard or paper ends like figure G. Color the chimneys red.

By **VERNA GRISIER McCULLY**

let's make

MODELING CLAY

On "stay-in days" especially you will
have a happy time playing with this clay
that Mother will let you
mix and color with
things from your own
kitchen.

LET'S MAKE modeling clay today—right in your
own kitchen! It is lots of fun to make things
with your hands and to feel the soft, squeezy dough
push up through your fingers. It is a good way to
play quietly when you are tired.

Here is what you need:

- 1 cup of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of salt
- Water to moisten
- Cake coloring

Mix the flour and the salt. Add small amounts
of water at a time until you have a soft dough. If
you want to color your clay, add a little cake color-
ing to the water before you mix it with the flour
and salt.

When you are through using it for the day,

You can draw and paint doors and windows, too.
Paste the ends on. Cut a roof like figure E. Fit
this over the chimneys to make a house like figure D.

To make a store cut a piece of cardboard or paper
two and one-half inches square. Draw a door and
windows on this. You can print *Store* or *Garage* or
Bank along the top. Paste this on one end of a match
box. See figure H.

Put the church and houses and stores on the floor
or on a big table. You can draw streets on a big
sheet of wrapping paper, then put the houses along
the streets. This makes a very real looking village.

sprinkle the clay with water and wrap it in a waxed
paper. Store it in the refrigerator. It will keep for
another stay-in day.

What to model is mostly up to you. If you are
small, you'll want to start with easy things first.
You might make round balls and stick a toothpick
in each one. When they are hard, remove the sticks
and you will have beads which you can string. You
can make play cookies, or fruit, or vegetables. You
can make animals or people or furniture or cars and
buses and trucks.

If you are older, you might want to illustrate one
of your favorite stories from the Bible or from one
of your story books. Or you could make an entire
village of people with houses and trees and flowers.
Perhaps you would like to build your own home
town in miniature.

Why not try this on your next stay-in day? This
kind of clay is inexpensive and easy to replace. It
is not harmful in any way.

By VERA CHANNELS

Change-a-Vowel Bible Name Game

By changing only one vowel in the words below,
each word is made into the name of a well-known
Bible character, man or woman:

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. COIN | 6. SHAM |
| 2. HEM | 7. AVE |
| 3. JAB | 8. MUSES |
| 4. LIKE | 9. RATH |
| 5. MURK | 10. LET |

ANSWERS

10. LOT
9. RUTH
8. MOSES
7. EVE
6. SHEM

5. MARK
4. LUKE
3. JOB
2. HAN
1. CAIN

By ADELYN JACKSON RICHARDS

Summer Is a Bonus

(Continued from page 6.)

very small, the mother in charge can take the group on an expedition such as a hike, a picnic, a swimming party. For a series of weeks the children can divide into hobby groups.

Before they start on this cooperative venture the mothers can talk with local teachers, observe in public schools, consult the library for information on games, stories, use of dramatics, and the like.

Such rotating schemes give the children good experiences in group play and other activities, and give the mothers free time to clean house, shop, visit Aunt Mattie, or do whatever they choose.

Another kind of parent-operated summer project would be something like the Community Summer School which one community held on Saturday mornings. There were classes in painting, clay modeling, dramatics, sewing, cooking, and other subjects. The teachers were parents, many of whom revived long-neglected hobbies for the occasion. Other parents performed the necessary baby-sitting tasks; others were drivers for field trips to museums, the dairy, the airport, and, inevitably, the zoo.

In these instances of parent-cooperative enterprises the parents found that they as well as their children gained in many ways. They found they were able to be more objective about their own child's needs and accomplishments from seeing him in a group of children. They found their community spirit grew in effectiveness and mutual understanding. They found these new ways of working with children and their community gave them a new lease on all they did with their own children.

And in General . . .

Whichever of these or other projects seems to fit your community, here are a few general principles you should remember:

If possible plan the whole summer. Give your children as many varied opportunities as possible. If you are going to have a vacation church school and then a day camp, for instance, you will not want the same children to have two program units on "Little Homes for Little Creatures." Not that there aren't lots of little creatures, and with good homes to study, too; but some other program unit would be more profitable for one of the two ventures. You will want to plan the whole summer with not only program in mind, but to make the best use of possible leaders, and of community facilities.

Be sure you have adequate leadership. The best material in the world, and the most beautiful setting, are not helped when the wrong person is chosen to interpret them. While a lot of experience and formal training are helpful, the attitude of the teacher is more important. So select your leaders with creative attitude high on the list of qualifications.

You will also want to be sure that your leaders understand children and are the type of persons to whom children will respond. Such leaders can help

children work out their problems and grow in desirable ways.

A training session, including workshops in creative activities, is essential for any large project. This will give leaders needed confidence as well as skill.

It is a good thing for community relations and for satisfaction all round, to enlist the help of as many people as possible. It is better to have separate committees for supplies and transportation, for instance, than to have one person trying to do it all.

Use the out-of-doors as much as possible. Freedom to be outdoors is one of the blessings of summer, and we are poor stewards of weather if we do not use this freedom.

Use the natural resources of the place you are in. This applies particularly when you are having some kind of study unit. Naturally resources of a place include not only the grass and the pine cones, but the history of the place, its folklore, its significance as a geological area. If you are camping on a mountain that is an extinct volcano, study mountain formations and their effects. Understanding of God's continuous creation is deeply thrilling, takes on a new dimension of reality, where knowledge can be dramatically related to what is at hand.

You will discover as you go along on your summer projects what brings joy and added meaning to the children's lives and to your own. These discoveries will guide you for the rest of the project, and for future years. But now is the time to start planning for this summer, for some very special adventures with your children.



Burteen

It's for my boy. Some game he picked up in college.



Books for the Hearth Side

The Snowplow That Tried to Go South, by George Walters (Aladdin Books, unpagcd, \$1.75), is a hilarious story of Sam, the snowplow. Sam saw the geese flying south and heard them making fun of him because he had to spend the winter in the north, working hard. Sam decided to follow the geese. What happened to him, and how he finally decided that nothing could be half so good as snow and ice and a cold north wind is a story that all children will enjoy. Children from five years up will want the story read to them. Nine-year-olds can read it for themselves.

Prejudice sometimes leads people to do strange and cruel things. Meindert DeJong has written a beautiful and moving story about two lines of a lovely lullaby sung in his native Holland. **The Tower by the Sea** (Harper & Brothers, 113 pages, \$2.00) tells of the curious weathervane on which there was a cat, perched on a cradle. The cat had a blue jeweled eye. The weathervane told the sad and cruel tale of how a wise old woman almost met a witch's death because of the prejudice, fear and superstition of her townspeople. One terrible night the old woman and her cat saved the town from tragedy. In this town where crossed brooms stood upside down against the doors to guard each family from evil and witchery, we see how the old woman, by her wisdom, taught her pets, the cat and the magpie, to be friends; how she befriended the crazy girl who lived in the lonely lighthouse; how she helped to save the burgomaster's baby; and how in the end she escaped the superstitious vengeance of the villagers. The black and white pen drawings by Barbara Comfort aptly illustrate the story. This book would be good for reading aloud in the family and should help all to see the dangers that come from any sort of prejudice.

Too often Christmas is celebrated one day out of the year and then forgotten until another year has rolled around. The spirit of Christmas can be kept alive all the year and children enjoy the thrill of it and stories about it during any season. **The Christmas Forest**, by Louise Fatio (Aladdin Books, unpagcd, \$1.25), tells of the night when Santa left his cozy home to start off on his Christmas rounds. Santa was very tired. Mr. Fox saw the empty sandwich box, the waiting reindeer, and the sleeping Santa. All the forest friends rallied to Mr. Fox's plea for help. How the animal friends let poor, tired Santa sleep, while they took over, insured a happy Christmas for everyone. The colored pictures by Roger Duvoisin add to the fun and the spirit of goodwill that run through the story.

One of the most beautiful books to come from the press in recent days is Margaret Wise Brown's **The Dark Wood of the Golden Birds** (Harper & Brothers, unpagcd, \$1.75). The format gives the impression of calm and quiet beauty, with its illustrations by Leonard Weisgard done in shades of green and gold, its green print, wide spacing of type,

and generous margins. Told in poetic prose, the tale of a little boy and girl who live with an old man near a magic forest and the faith and courage of the little boy as he goes into the forest in order to bring health and happiness to one he loves, is an allegory so subtle as to have little meaning. Adults may find it interesting, but children may not.

It is much more fun to go to concerts or listen to records or radio programs when one is able to identify the instruments and knows something about them. **This Is An Orchestra**, by Elsa Z. Posell (Houghton Mifflin Co., 96 pages, \$2.50) will help a boy or girl to do just that. This gives a comprehensive chart of the seating plan for an orchestra, using drawings of the instruments in their proper places. The author is the wife of a first chair member of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. She tells about the instruments by families and shows how to identify them by similarities in shape and structure, but differences in size, pitch and method of playing. Photographs show how each instrument is played. There are helpful chapters on choosing an instrument, establishing good practice habits, and building a record library.

Activities for Summer Camps (The Arts Cooperative Service, 89 pages, \$1.25) was prepared by many specially qualified people to help parents and leaders with summer activities. It offers many helpful suggestions on such subjects as nature study, craft materials, astronomy, exploration and discovery, handwork, art, music, dramatics, and the like. Parents will find in it many suggestions they may use at home. Church school teachers will find in it many ideas for special summer activities.

The Young Child And His Music, by Margaret Thorne (The Arts Cooperative Service, 10 pages, 40 cents) suggests ways to help children use songs as the medium for bodily rhythmic activity. The author describes how children sometimes use play materials to produce rhythmic patterns. She lists sound producing instruments that children may use easily to produce musical experiences and their value in learning to recognize varieties of sounds. This pamphlet contains a good list of song books for children.

The Young Child Learns About Nature, by Rhoda Baemeister (The Arts Cooperative Service, 22 pages, 50 cents), begins with the significance of nature, the concepts that may be built up by a rich experience with nature, a child's curiosity and wonder, and how he can help to care for plants and animals.

The author suggests experiences with inanimate nature, plant life for both indoors and out, and animal life. Her charts on indoor and outdoor plants and on animals are most helpful. This pamphlet will be suggestive of things parents can do in the home and teachers can do at church school.

Exploring the Woods With Children, by Henrietta Bancroft (The Arts Cooperative Service, 10 pages, 40 cents) explains the procedure and materials necessary for collecting specimens of nature, and for observing life that hides under stones and logs. Detailed suggestions are given for constructing a "home" for a monarch caterpillar. Suggestions are made for tasting the things to be found in the woods, for smelling, for listening, and thus finding out about our world. An excellent bibliography is included.

A series of "Work and Play" pamphlets published by The Arts Cooperative Service, 340 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 24, N. Y., will give parents many helpful suggestions. **Materials for Children 2 to 7** lists materials which have been proven by experience to be the most suitable for little children, along with sources and prices. Their catalog is free upon request.

Family Counselors

Question: Just because I am crippled, do I have to be continually reminded of the fact? I have been hemmed in on every side by my family telling me, "You can't." In fact they constantly assure me there isn't much I can do. I could get along and go to the front in spite of my condition if they would permit me to. But I'm not a person, I am a cripple. When other young people went to parties in high school, they insisted that I go but they delivered me and either waited or made arrangements for me until I often felt more of a monstrosity than a person. I am sure my family mean well but at times I feel almost choked to death by them. Tests show I have an I.Q. of 129. I feel I could go places if they did not stifle every effort. Please, what can I do? Am I ungrateful?

Answer: Your problem is half solved in that you clearly recognize the problem and do not wish to be protected as a handicapped, incompetent child all your life.

Your parents will be temporarily hurt at your taking an independent stand, but as I view the situation, their hurt will be only that of anxiety and concern over your first move. Then I am sure if you are as competent and capable as you feel you can prove to them, their pride, admiration, and satisfaction in your successes will eventually be triumphs for them.

My experience with parents of crippled children has been that, unless a wise doctor or child specialist has directed the emotions of the parents, they are overprotective. Please understand that a part of that is caused by their own inward hurt. The most important steps to be taken are not that you just make a definite break with your parents, but that you carry out plans for your future with determination of demonstrating love and kindness. Take plenty of time to make your decisions. Ask God's

help to be properly guided at all times. You do your part and God will never fail to do his. Stop thinking of your problem at once and be grateful that you are lovingly capable of handling not only your handicap but most of all, that you are step by step, able to establish independence from your family, with them realizing that you are doing just that. If necessary, have a counsellor talk with the three of you. Most of all, handle the situation in a harmonious manner or you will not gain genuine happiness.

D. F.

Question: We have three children. By the time we are ready to leave for church and Sunday school all of us are worn out with the rush and hurry. We arrive at church cross and tired, in no mood to worship or study. I've tried to reorganize what we do, but it doesn't seem to do any good. Maybe you can suggest something we can do.

Answer: We asked a class of Primary children one day what they could do to help their parents get ready for church on Sunday. This is what they suggested:

1. Set the breakfast table the night before.
2. Have canned juice, cold cereal, and instant cocoa for breakfast.
3. Have Sunday school things ready the night before.
4. Get up earlier than usual.

However, Sunday morning is too late to start to get ready for church. I like the Hebrew way of starting the Sabbath observance at sundown the day before. Think what that means in your case and mine. By supper-time Saturday, Sunday clothes for the family would be laid out, the cake for Sunday dinner would be baked, small heads would be washed—and so on and on through the list of our before-church tasks. That would leave Saturday evening free,



Elizabeth N.
Jones



Dorothy
Faust

perhaps for a "Family Night" of fun and study.

That's a good time to go over Sunday school lessons, prepare church offering envelopes, and be sure Bibles and quarterlies are ready. If the Saturday Family Night ends with a family worship time, the mood for Sunday is already set.

E. N. J.

Question: My small son expects to be paid for everything he does at home. I think his allowance is enough and that he should do whatever I ask him to do without being paid. What do you think?

Answer: In matters like this, it is most satisfactory to settle the question by a mutual give-and-take in discussion. Many families have a Family Council which meets at regular times. The whole family discusses the question, considers what is involved, and all together decide on the family policy.

Personally, I feel we must lead our children to think of home chores as something they do as their share in the work of the family—something not to be paid for. But a great deal would depend on how many regular chores he has, how adequate his allowance is, and how many extra chores you ask of him. Try a Family Council to decide it. You'll be amazed and thrilled at how dependable and thoughtful the decisions of your children will be!

E. N. J.

Take Children to Concerts

(From page 37.)

ture where the toys rush off the shelf and out to a forest of Christmas trees decked with silver cobwebs, fairy girls and fruits," I explained. "They will skip the 'Tin Soldier March,' 'Arab Dance,' 'Chinese Dance,' and 'Flute Dance' where the flutes dance in the moonlight to their own music. The parts of this suite they are going to play for us are the 'Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy' (sometimes called 'Candy Fairy') and the 'Russian Dance' (also called the 'Cossack Dance') and the 'Waltz of the Flowers.'

"In Marie's dream the Mouse King and his army come to eat delicacies from the Christmas tree. She helps Nutcracker to win against the mouse army. A feast is then held in her honor by the Sugar Plum Fairy, with Marie changed into a beautiful princess. All the candies and fruits and sugar plums come to pay honor to Princess Marie who saved their fairy prince, Nutcracker. In this dance everything sounds in miniature, little quick notes, softly then loud, and listen for the celeste and bass clarinet.

"The 'Russian Dance' opens with a crash of cymbals and you hear the Russian come in dancing in his red boots, colored cape flying to the wind. You hear him leap in the air, bend to the ground. The rhythm is sharply marked with accents. You will want to tap the time. Finally the cymbals die away and the Russian's dance is over.

"Last they will play 'Waltz of the Flowers' and the entire orchestra, especially the beautiful harp that has hardly played before, will do many little runs and splendid chords.

"Those of you who saw the moving picture *Fantasia* will remember the next number, and how Disney pictured the *Sorcerer's Apprentice*.

"This was written by Paul Dukas, a French composer who died only sixteen years ago. The helper thinks he can perform magic in his master's absence and orders a broom to bring pails of water. But he has forgotten the magic word for *stop* and soon the flood threatens to engulf him. Just as he is desperate, the magician arrives, scolds him, gives the magic word and saves the day. This piece begins with muted strings to suggest mystery. Then the clarinet, oboe, and flute play softly." Here they looked again at the book picturing the instruments.

"The bassoon carries out the awkward dance of the broom. The violin gets quicker and quicker to represent the excitement of the water rising higher, and the helper's rushing about trying to think of the magic word. Then you hear a crash as he breaks the broom in two, trying to put a stop to the flood. But this makes the broom able to carry twice as much for now there are two parts of him! Then the master comes, gives the magic word to stop, and with nice easy-flowing melody we feel the relief and relaxation when the problem is solved.

"The 'Emperor's Waltz' is by Johann Strauss the younger, an Austrian famous as were all the Strausses for their waltzes. This was written to congratulate

Emperor Francis Joseph on his fortieth anniversary on the throne. It is considered one of the loveliest of his many waltzes."

I hummed the opening notes of the melody of the waltz for them. I wrote that much of the music to let them see. They were reading music in school and could understand it. Just before the piece was played we passed the written music along our row and they all had the fun of listening for this melody.

The book with pictures of instruments we passed in intermission. Its charts showed locations of each section of players, followed by photographs of each instrument being played. Several of the children consulted the typed notes quietly during the program. All of them agreed they'd never enjoyed a concert as much before, because this time they knew what to watch for.

Planned concert attendance like this, brings far more satisfaction to the listener than merely depending on program notes, if any, in the leaflets the usher hands out, or listening with no idea when or why the piece was written.

What the Churches Are Doing

(From page 41.)

little children, they recognize, is a cooperative task in which the home is equally as important as the church if not more so. Parents, too, are eager and interested in the religious nurture of their children and often feel at a loss as to how they can best guide them in their religious growth. The nursery workers are eager to cooperate with parents in order to achieve their common goal.

Knowing that they play a large part in laying foundations for Christian ways of living and thinking and the beginning of Christian personality, these "Mothers for an hour" strive to grow in their ability to guide aright. As an evidence of interest, three of the workers of this church completed an accredited study course for nursery workers last fall and at the end of December received their credit cards and public recognition for their accomplishment. Realizing the importance of steady, continuous growth in the techniques of guiding little children, the Nursery Council of this church will meet each month for study and planning. Parents are urged to visit the department and to talk with the teachers about their problems and their hopes with these understanding, friendly leaders. Remember—they love your child, too!

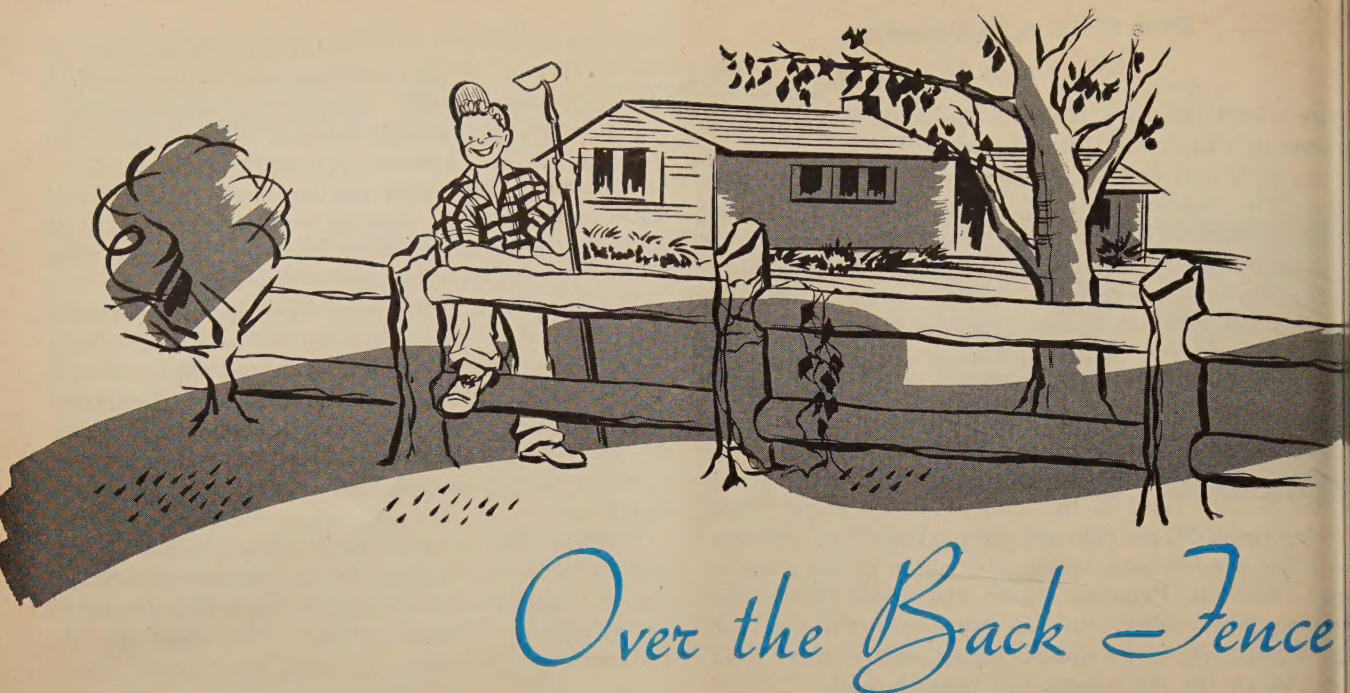
BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

SOLUTION: "And the bow shall be in the cloud: and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

The Words

A. Helena	L. Cana
B. Kettle	M. Bachelor
C. Delilah	N. Unwary
D. Elephant	O. Fright
E. Temples	P. Deviltry
F. Bottom	Q. Floats
G. Nothing	R. Victim
H. Wealth	S. Wives
I. Uneven	T. Bears
J. Obedient	U. Dan
K. Thorough	V. Unload

W. Erie



Parents, Children, and God

This is the theme of National Christian Family Week. This year's observance falls in the week of May 6-13.

Both the home and the church should make much of this annual Family Week. Does your church observe it in its program? Does it do more than just observe Mother's Day? Important as they are mothers alone cannot make up an entire family. It is *Hearthstone's* conviction that mothers would rather have a vital observance of Family Week than the traditional recognition of Mother's Day. So if your church is not doing an adequate job of observing Christian Family Week, you parents should use your influence to see that it begins to tackle the job.¹

Parents have a more inescapable obligation, however, to make some use of the week in their own homes. The committee which plans this annual observance has published a little folder entitled, "This Week Is for Your Home."¹ If your church has not provided your family with this leaflet order one at once and follow whatever suggestions it offers that you can at this late date.

It will take more than the observance of a single week to produce the kind of family life that can approximately be called Christian. *Hearthstone* holds as its basic purpose the aim to help families carry the spirit of National Christian Family Week throughout the entire year.

The Mathematics of Drunkenness

Just when is a man drunk? Often we have heard it said of or by a man accused of drunkenness, "Why, I wasn't drunk! I'd only had two or three bottles of beer." Comes now Dr. Leon A. Greenberg of the Yale Laboratory of Applied Psychology with a rating scale that might help pin down this elusive point.

¹Write your Director of Family Life. See inside of front cover.

The basic principle is this, "The higher the concentration (of alcohol) in the blood and the brain, the greater the intoxicating or anesthetic effects."

A concentration of 0.05 per cent "affects the functioning of the uppermost portion of the brain and nervous system; that is, the centers of inhibition, restraint, judgment. The drinker takes personal and social liberties, lacks self-criticism.

"At a concentration of 0.10 per cent the disturbance begins to descend to the motor carriers. The drinker staggers, fumbles with his keys, does not pronounce words clearly."

The accepted police rating for drunkenness is a concentration of 0.15 per cent. One wonders if persons ought not be considered as drunk when they come in the two categories less than 0.15 per cent. If 0.05 per cent affects judgment measurably, then we should recall that it takes but a split second to make the mistake in judgment behind the wheel of a speeding automobile that crashes and takes life.

"At a concentration of 0.20 per cent the functioning of the entire motor areas of the brain and mid-brain are disturbed. He [the drinker] is easily angered, groans, weeps, tends to assume a horizontal position.

"At a concentration of 0.30 per cent, the more primitive areas of the brain are affected. He is stuporous.

"At 0.40 to 0.50 per cent concentration, the function of the perceptive area in the brain is cut off, he is unconscious.

"At 0.60 to 0.70 per cent concentration, the very lowest level of his brain functions are reached, those which govern breathing and heart beat. These become depressed, stop, and death ensues."

Here is some ammunition for *Hearthstone* readers to use when the old question pops up, "When is a man drunk?" It is our belief that the answer is, "Just as soon as judgment is even slightly affected."

vering Wayside Treasures

William N. Hutchins. This book shows nothing is commonplace in God's world—nothing is dynamic with spiritual meaning. It tells delightful stories through which the love of God is reflected in everyday life, revealing truer paths of Christian living. \$2.00

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Mary C. Odell. More delightful stories to gain as well as contribute to character. Written for children from 4 to 10 of age. These enjoyable stories center on the many things that interest children.

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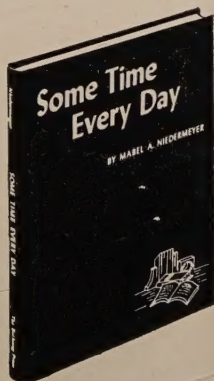
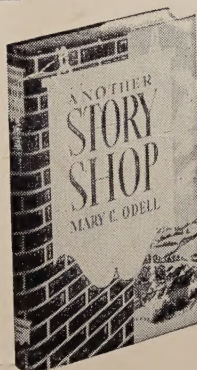
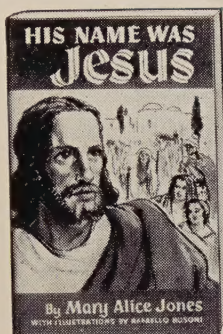
Man Can Know God

John Henry Strong. Written from the author's own rich experience—this is a record of how God has guided the life of a man for nearly fifty years. This man came to know God and in that knowledge came to regard God as sacred and humanity as holy. \$2.00

We Believe, So We Pray

George Buttrick. A penetrating new exposition of our fundamental Christian beliefs—a forceful statement of our basic relationships with God and to each other, and the motivations which should govern them. Dr. Buttrick analyzes our Christian affirmations—showing what they have meant in the past, their historical development, and their significance today. He examines the Lord's Prayer and explores the implications of each clause, developing the relationships of man with God and man with man. \$2.75

Worth-While Vacation Reading . . .



This Is God's World

By Mabel A. Niedermeyer. This first book written on stewardship for children 9 to 11 presents basic fundamentals of Christian living and God's plan for all. Stories, poems, prayers and scripture texts in simple language. Full color pictures and line drawings by Gedge Harmon. Ideal for individual or group reading! 75 cents

Some Time Every Day

By Mabel A. Niedermeyer. Forty-four thoughts, scripture selections and poems and 20 prayers to help boys and girls 9 to 11 think of God in relation to their ongoing experiences "some time every day." These simple devotionals guide readers in understanding principles for Christian living. \$1.50

God's Wonder World

By Bernice Bryant. A book of devotions for children 6 to 10 told in story form by a typical modern boy, David . . . how God works with man in building our wonder world of inventions. A brief prayer and appropriate Bible verse conclude each devotional. \$1.25

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By Mary Alice Jones. The matchless story of Jesus told for boys and girls 8 to 16 in a vivid style against the background of the unrest and turmoil of the people of Galilee and Judea. A compelling story in direct and dramatic prose. Appealing illustrations by Raffaello Busoni. \$2.50

Always There Is God

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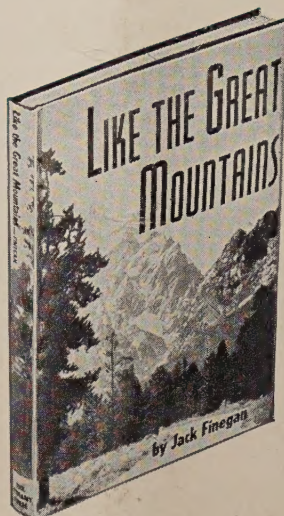
May . . . The Month for Timely Gift

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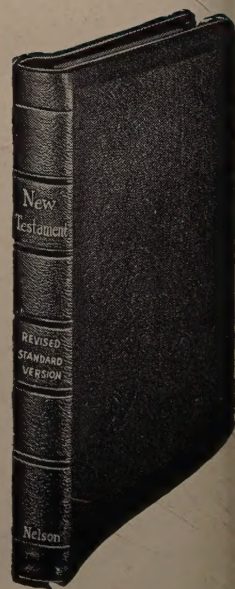
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